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THE World Conference remains in being only on the implied condition that it shall attempt nothing of importance. It has become a rule that old conferences never die; they only fade away. The gold-standard countries continue their attendance, but they are there to obstruct and protest rather than to achieve anything. Great Britain is in the dubious position of a man who has sat on the fence until the fence collapses. Mr. Chamberlain's most recent utterance might suggest to the unwary that we were likely to crawl out of the ruins on to the American side, but in spite of expressions of polite sympathy with America our Ministers are still talking the old stuff about the need for economy and the impossibility of increasing expenditure on salaries or the social services. The danger is that the collapse of the Conference may greatly strengthen financial orthodoxy here, and that we shall sit back and do nothing, content to watch Mr. Roosevelt making his daring experiment alone.

### The Great American Experiment

President Roosevelt does not let the grass grow under his feet. This week he has approved, for the cotton textile industry, the first actual scheme of controlled production under the Industrial Recovery Act. He has appointed a committee of experts to report upon the problem of financing his big programme of public works; and, most important of all, he has created a sort of super-Cabinet in which the heads of the various emergency bodies will sit together with the members of the existing Cabinet. This body is to meet weekly, and is to co-ordinate the whole scheme of economic reconstruction. Clearly the President means to use, and to hold in reserve, the large powers which have been conferred upon him; the policy of controlled reflation is to be seriously implemented in the economic, as well as in the monetary, sphere. Apart from the cotton scheme, a number of other schemes are in active preparation, and one at least has been already referred back to its authors for radical amendment. Mr. Roosevelt is evidently well aware that the chances of success depend finally on his being able to keep the upward movement of prices in step with the increase in wages, and to control the volume of production as well as credit in relation to these factors. Hence the warnings issued this week that wages must be raised to correspond with the rise in prices and production, and that speculative rises in prices must be kept under firm control.

### The Difficulties of Planning

In attempting to establish this drastic control over the working of the entire economic system, Mr. Roosevelt and his advisers are tackling an exceedingly difficult job. The temper of American business has been hitherto highly individualistic; and even among Mr. Roosevelt's own more radical supporters, there is still a strong suspicion of trusts and of price-fixing arrangements. But the American business world and American public opinion as a whole have been made plastic by adversity; and at present there seems to be no limit to the amount of innovation for which the country is prepared. Difficulties will accumu-

late with either success or failure. Failure, taking shape in the collapse of the present speculative advance in prices, would probably be fatal to Mr. Roosevelt's popularity; while success in restoring a measure of prosperity would speedily make the business world far more intolerant of control. If Mr. Roosevelt does succeed, will he be able to control his success; or will the speculative temper of the Americans quickly turn success into a boom that will prepare the way for a further disaster? That is the great unsolved problem raised by the present American experiment in "controlled capitalism"—an experiment which the world is watching with all the more concern because the failure of effective international action has turned people's minds everywhere to the chances of restoring prosperity by purely national measures of control.

### Hitler Makes Peace with Rome

The Concordat with the Vatican which has been arranged by Herr von Papen is a feather in the cap of the Nazi Government. They have settled their account with the Church of Rome more easily than most people expected, and far more rapidly than Mussolini was able to do. But Rome, too, though it concedes much, has grounds for satisfaction. Not only has the brutal drive against the Church been called off and a number of anti-Catholic measures rescinded, but the position of all Catholics in the German Reich is regulated, and Catholicism is in effect recognised as a State religion together with Protestantism. Politically, of course, the Catholics have had a knock-out blow; but there will be more tears shed over this in Bavaria than in Rome. In theory, the Fascist "totalitarian" State is incompatible with the claims of the Church; in fact, the Vatican has no great love for Catholic political parties, as the history of Don Sturzo and his *Partito Popolare* in Italy showed some years ago. Direct diplomatic relations with the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin may suit its book better than roundabout dealings through ecclesiastics in Munich and Baden and Cologne.

### Discipline for the Storm Troops

Another "minority" which is now to be rescued from the Nazi fury is the big shopkeepers. The attack on them is called off on the ground of expediency; if the multiple stores are to be boycotted or closed it will mean more unemployment, which in the present state of the country even a stupider man than Hitler could hardly contemplate with equanimity. Hitler, in fact, is in a general way suggesting that the need is now for bread rather than blood, and he appeals again for "discipline" among his followers. Probably he will have to take some stern measures before it is effectually enforced; there are not only radical, but hooligan, elements in the Storm Troops. And in any case we fear that "discipline" will still allow plenty of licence to persecute countless obnoxious individuals—Socialists, Communists, pacifists, Jews. The Nazi dictators may want order; but they have not suddenly become converted to mercy, or even to justice. We referred last week to the shocking case of Herr Torgler, who is being kept in chains. We learn now from a letter from his wife in Wednesday's *Manchester Guardian* that all her efforts to get a lawyer to defend him have failed.

### Reactions to Nazi Jingoism

Meanwhile, Germany's foreign policy—or to put it more precisely, fear of Nazi jingoism—continues to be a potent factor in the movements of European statesmen. It has evidently played its part in the series of non-aggression pacts which Russia has just made with her neighbours. It has been one of the main reasons for the adjournment of the Disarmament Conference, and for Mr. Henderson's apostolic journey. The first stage of this journey is Paris, where, we are told, there have been cordial interviews with M. Daladier, but where the anxieties of the French are even plainer than they were at Geneva. Nor evidently is the visit of General Gömbös to Dr. Dollfuss in Vienna last Sunday unconnected with the German situation. Particular interest attached to this visit in view of the fact that the Hungarian Premier had been rather mysteriously to Berlin a week or two ago. It now appears that there was no anti-Austrian design in that trip. General Gömbös wants closer relations between Hungary and Austria, which, he says, are economically dependent on each other. There is no suggestion, we gather, of any political union nor of a Danubian federation; but obviously an intimacy between Vienna and Budapest and Mussolini's patronage of both must affect the general political situation of Central Europe. From an economic point of view the *rapprochement* may bring substantial mutual advantages.

### Anglo-Russian Trade

Negotiations for the new Anglo-Soviet trade agreement are going smoothly, as we write, and neither the efforts of the Die-hard Tories nor the protests of Canadian timber interests are likely to upset the Government's sensible resolve to bury the hatchet and come to terms with Moscow. Sir John Simon did, indeed, give an assurance the other day that he had not forgotten the debt question. But the trade agreement, we believe, will not be allowed to break down over that. A debt settlement (which unquestionably would be a good thing for both sides) can, and should, be arranged separately. At the moment it is important alike for us and the Russians to get on with the exchange of goods with the least possible delay. The idea that we should exploit the present difficult situation in Russia against the Bolsheviks is both stupid and callous. Making things harder for the Soviet Government will not shake the regime; it will only make things harder for the Russian people. They are already suffering severely from the shortage of necessaries, and from the methods of dragooning which are being used to keep them up to the mark on the farms and elsewhere, and which most of us in this country view with doubts and disapproval. If the coming harvest is good these methods will, we hope, be abandoned. But in any case we can do nothing but harm to the Russian peasant by boycotting Russia.

### Agricultural Policy

Major Elliot knows how to state his case, and is the nearest approach in the present Government to a Minister who knows what he is trying to do. His review, in the House of Commons on Tuesday, of the measures which he has taken and is proposing to take in the interests of British agriculture was, in point of clarity and realism, an admirable exposition. Above all, it was important

as showing that the Minister of Agriculture, while fully committed to an elaborate system of protection, is alive to its difficulties and dangers. He was thoroughly discouraging about the possibilities of land settlement, very guarded in his references to the question of sugar-beet, and concerned to point out the need for caution over measures which may react seriously upon the working-class cost of living. He defended the wheat subsidy, as he was bound to do; and he envisaged the possibility of further restrictions on the importation of a variety of products, notably meat. He expressed great faith in marketing schemes which are now being organised; but he made no rash promises to the agricultural interest. Major Elliot is well aware that he has a difficult course to steer between the rival claims of the British farmers, the Dominion exporters, and the consuming public. Of the three, the last seems likely to get least consideration at present; but, on the assumption of the policy which he is administering, Major Elliot is undoubtedly doing his job with tact and skill.

### Milk and Water

Sir Edward Grigg, M.P., is an eclectic politician. He propounded to the House of Commons the other day three remedies for our present discontents. The first was the reconstruction of the British Navy. The U.S.A. is building a number of new warships at an estimated cost of £47,000,000, and though Sir Edward would be "the last to suggest anything that would in any way militate against disarmament," he is "firmly convinced" that this example "merits attention here," as a method both of giving more work to our basic industries and of finding jobs afloat for our unemployed men. Secondly, he proposes subsidies for the rebuilding of the merchant marine. And, thirdly, to assist the farmers, he would like the Government "to ensure that milk is provided for all children in Government schools"—instead of for only about 10 per cent. of them, as at present. Milk for all the school children, which would mean an annual consumption of 80,000,000 gallons, would, he declares, "transform the problem of the milk industry." So it would; and it would also help to transform the health of the people. It is odd (or is it not odd, but merely typical of the Conservative politician?) that Sir Edward Grigg does not appear interested in that aspect of his sensible and socialistic idea. "The money which this proposal would cost," he says, "would probably hardly exceed the cost of the beet subsidy. *For that reason alone* [our italics] I hope it may receive attention."

### B.B.C. Experiments

The B.B.C. has made at least two very interesting experiments in the last few days. Instead of the usual News Bulletin last Saturday, we were treated to a very lively fifty minutes in which all the news items were served up, but spiced with current comments on the World Conference from the American, French and British points of view, and the anniversary of the battle of the Somme celebrated by the realistic impressions of a survivor. Technically this very difficult feat was perfectly successful; the only complaint to be made—and one easy to meet on another occasion—is that the listener may feel himself entitled to know at just what time he will get his cricket scores or weather bulletin. It is certainly desirable that the B.B.C. should develop its own news service and technique of presenting it; it should not be tied to matter supplied by the news agencies, whose selection is determined by the demands of the commercial press. The second experiment occurred when the Minister of Agriculture explained his pig policy over the wireless. From time to time Ministers of the Crown seek the hospitality of the microphone in order to explain their proposals to an expectant public, but this is the first time that a Minister has done so in the presence of an audience of hecklers, whose comments and questions were also broadcast. Major Elliot's animated and good-natured argument with his farmer critics was both entertaining and illuminating, and we hope that other Ministers will agree to adopt an equally democratic and sensible method of explaining themselves to the public.

### Pacifists on the Warpath

A correspondent writes: It was not surprising to find the National Peace Congress held at Oxford last week-end better attended than any of its predecessors. It is the fear of war that makes people interested in peace, and it is only during the last year that people have become afraid. Inevitably Germany occupied pride of place. Dr. Breitscheid, the leader of the Social Democrats, told of the steps that are being taken to re-form the party outside Germany, and hinted at the work still going on in Germany itself. He told me that when friends in Germany recently sent him a few of his belongings the Nazi authorities on the frontier opened the trunks and appropriated his clothes. Presumably they hold that Social Democrats should go naked for their sins. The high light of the Conference was the baiting of one Dr. Wolfgang Schwartz. Having been badly heckled during an address on disarmament by an audience suspicious of his credentials—he is the representative of the German Government on the International Consultative Group for Disarmament at Geneva—he asked for a special session of the Conference to enable him to expound the policy of the Nazi Government. The exposition quickly became an apologia, an apologia so unconvincing that it brought the Conference to its feet demanding that the speaker should answer questions instead of indulging in the familiar diatribes on the wickedness of the Jews. The *coup de grâce* was delivered by the chairman, Mr. W. Arnold Forster, who, having protected the speaker as well as he could during the meeting, concluded by giving him in his capacity as chairman what he described as a message from England to his Government. The message consisted of a devastating denunciation of brutality, and one of the most effective pleas for liberty and mercy that I have had the good fortune to hear.

### The Liberal Summer School

The programme of the Liberal Summer School, which is being held at Cambridge from August 3rd to 9th, shows a proper consciousness of the need of a new outlook towards world problems. Lectures on the international situation, the World Economic Conference, on problems of housing, unemployment, education and biology in relation to politics are to be given by men as various and as distinguished as Prof. Ernest Barker, Sir Walter Layton, Sir Frederick Whyte, Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, Mr. J. L. Hodson, Mr. Harold Wright and Prof. J. S. Haldane.

# THE MEANING OF FASCISM

HITLER has announced that the revolution is "finished," that there is to be no second revolution and that the time is not propitious for carrying out various socialistic measures which he promised in his electioneering campaign. To us this is no surprise. The Nazi revolution is not an accident, a Socialist experiment, or a purposeless outbreak of sadism. It may do things that seem socialistic in the sense that they establish State control over certain groups of capitalists. Such activities are not likely to go far in the direction of Socialism. The Nazi Party has always been financed by big industrialists (not only German but French, American and, some say, British industrialists) and to-day, when it has no longer need of such support, it retains a representative of one of the biggest financial interests (in the place of Hugenberg) in the Cabinet; and it is to be noticed that in spite of the attack on the Jews and the floods of propaganda against bankers and industrialists, the more important Jewish bankers (as distinct from bank employees), and the big industrialists have not been disturbed by Hitler's accession to power. The idealistic elements which were attracted to the Nazi Party by a policy which sounded like socialism and which was at least a call to action, are already bitterly disappointed. They are put off with the Corporative State, which proves on examination to mean nothing very much except the abolition of the freedom of the worker to refuse to work on conditions dictated to him. They are offered as an outlet for their energy the opportunity to beat Jews and pacifists—for, as an official Nazi apologist explained on the wireless the other day when challenged about Jew beating: "We had to throw some bone to the dog." Thus there is to be no second revolution—at least, if Hitler can avoid it—because the main purpose of the first is accomplished. That purpose was to eradicate every group which threatened or which might in the future threaten the private ownership of the land, the mines, the factories and the banks.

The story of the way this revolution was accomplished and the Social Democrats used as a tool for their own destruction has been told by Mr. Edgar Mowrer in *Germany Puts the Clock Back*, and it is now retold with a different moral by Mr. John Strachey in *The Menace of Fascism*.* Mr. Strachey's book presents a case which everyone who wishes to understand the confusion of current politics and the danger that confronts us would do well to read. It is in our view an over-simplification of the facts. But we believe its general thesis to be unanswerable. Enlightened defenders of capitalism agree with us and Mr. Strachey that while the system of private ownership was astonishingly successful in increasing production, it has so far evolved no satisfactory technique of distribution; they have frequently admitted that this is a tolerable system only so long as the profits of industry are sufficient to permit of an increased standard of living, either through higher wages or through the provision of social services. They will also agree that if, with the technical conditions of industry which now permit a vastly greater production than ever before, the capitalist's only idea of saving himself is by schemes for restricting and sabotaging production, as he is doing to-day, then the system is condemned and must sooner or later be abolished or at least completely transformed. Because this breakdown had in Germany reached a catastrophic point a majority of the electorate had become Socialists. It was surely no accident that at this juncture the Nazi Party was brought into existence with the financial help of big industry, to combine Socialist propaganda for the unemployed with assurances of security to property owners. The particular circumstances of Germany played into its hands. The bitter humiliation of Germany since the Treaty of Versailles, the hopelessness of the middle as well as the working class unemployed, the party divisions and the inept leadership of the German Left, combined to give victory to Hitler's all-embracing appeal.

The leaders of the Nazi revolution, in distinction from thousands of their duped followers, are fully conscious of their mission to save the system of private property. Nor is it content to do so by interning, beating, and terrorising Communists and Socialists. Hitler's is a very thorough revolution which aims not only at destroying its enemies but at eliminating all those democratic and cultural institutions through which Socialism was ever able to become practical politics. The vote and the right of free association and of free speech have proved dangerous to capitalism and must *never*, as Goering has just announced, be allowed again in Germany. Similarly, Goebbels, the Minister of Propaganda, boasts that Fascism is the first party to be unalterably opposed "to all the principles of the French Revolution." Those principles were individual liberty; equality, from which the idea of Socialism springs; and "fraternity," which is the basis of the conception of international peace. The French Revolution stood for freedom and reason against authority and superstition; it planted in the world that conception of material and spiritual progress which has been the central aspiration of the nineteenth century. The Nazi movement utterly repudiates the whole of this conception of a free, peaceful and egalitarian world. Hence the recrudescence of such superstitions as the Nordic man and the "sub-human" Jew. Hence in Germany all thought and culture are persecuted, and the only recognised virtues those of the soldier. War is the god of the Fascists; the very word pacifism, as Hitler has put it, "has been struck out of the vocabulary." As for women, whose emancipation has been the greatest achievement of democracy, they must (to quote Papen's summary of Fascist doctrine) "exhaust themselves in order to give life to children," their place (to quote Goering's misquotation) "is in the home, their duty the recreation of a tired warrior."

How far such an effort to put the clock back can really be successful in the twentieth century remains to be seen. If Hitler can stave off economic collapse—and he may find, as Mussolini found, foreign capitalists ready to help him—and if again, imitating Mussolini, he can preach war without becoming involved in it, he may for a long time continue to hold down the proletariat by force. Without economic collapse or war (which would arm the proletariat) the extensive Communist underground organisation, which has already been built up in Germany and of which we hope to give some account in an early issue of this paper, cannot hope to achieve success. What is perfectly clear is that Fascism is not in any sense a solution

* The Menace of Fascism by John Strachey. (*Gollancz*, 5s.)

of the class war; it is a victory achieved by violence, to be overthrown in all probability by future violence.

Now if this rough and simplified analysis is substantially true, how far must we expect capitalism to resort to similar methods to defend itself elsewhere? Mr. Keynes, who accepts economic nationalism as, on the whole, a desirable development, urges, in the illuminating article we publish to-day, that it need not lead to the suppression of free thought and to the totalitarian State, and that, if it does, he would himself return to his nineteenth-century Liberalism. That is not the choice. Economic nationalism has come not because rational people willed it but because when the system of international finance collapses the capitalists of each country are forced to search for salvation in their home market. Mr. Keynes, who states in the clearest terms that the capitalist system as we know it to-day is in every way indefensible, hopes that it may be possible so to transform and control capitalism under the new conditions that it may succeed in its task of distribution and make unnecessary a violent upheaval and the loss of liberty attendant on a revolution either of the German or the Russian type. America is about to embark on the experiment of controlled capitalism; the conditions in America are peculiarly suitable for capitalist planning and the experiment will be highly instructive, if not indeed decisive.

Meanwhile, we must face in this country the possibility at least of capitalism failing to follow its more enlightened advisers and of the growth of a movement not very different from German Fascism. There are already signs of it; an active Fascist movement, scientifically modelled on the German pattern, is to-day being permitted to develop in England, and the hankering after a somewhat similar form of dictatorship here is only thinly disguised in a considerable section of the press. Mr. Strachey is perfectly right in urging that there is no reason why it should be allowed to develop here now that we understand its tactics. Failing capitalist recovery it certainly will develop here unless the Labour Party learns from the tragedy of Social Democracy in Germany, and realises that to put Socialism into the background because times are bad is to offer themselves bound hand and foot to the Fascist, who, in that case, easily steals the thunder of Socialism, wins the allegiance of its supporters, and then, when the time is ripe, murders or exiles its leaders, confiscates its funds, abolishes the Trade Unions which are its backbone and establishes on its ruins a regime which is the negation not only of Socialism but also of civilisation.

## NATIONAL SELF-SUFFICIENCY*

### III.

THE decadent international but individualistic capitalism, in the hands of which we found ourselves after the war, is not a success. It is not intelligent, it is not beautiful, it is not just, it is not virtuous—and it doesn't deliver the goods. In short, we dislike it and we are beginning to despise it. But when we wonder what to put in its place, we are extremely perplexed.

Each year it becomes more obvious that the world is embarking on a variety of politico-economic experiments, and that different types of experiment appeal to different national temperaments and historical environments. The nineteenth century Free Trader's economic internationalism assumed that the whole world was, or would be, organised on a basis of private competitive capitalism and of the freedom of private contract inviolably protected by the sanctions of law—in various phases, of course, of complexity and development, but conforming to a uniform type which it would be the general object to perfect and certainly not to destroy. Nineteenth century protectionism was a blot upon the efficiency and good sense of this scheme of things, but it did not modify the general presumption as to the fundamental characteristics of economic society.

But to-day one country after another abandons these presumptions. Russia is still alone in her particular experiment, but no longer alone in her abandonment of the old presumptions. Italy, Ireland, Germany have cast their eyes, or are casting them, towards new modes of political economy. Many more countries after them will soon be seeking, one by one, after new economic gods. Even countries such as Great Britain and the United States, though conforming in the main to the old model, are striving, under the surface, after a new economic plan. We do not know what will be the outcome. We are—all of us, I expect—about to make many mistakes. No one can tell which of the new systems will prove itself best.

But the point for my present discussion is this. We each have our own fancy. Not believing that we are saved already, we each would like to have a try at working out our own salvation. We do not wish, therefore, to be at the mercy of world forces working out, or trying to work out, some uniform equilibrium according to the ideal principles, if they can be called such, of *laisser faire* capitalism. There are still those who cling to the old ideas, but in no country of the world to-day can they be reckoned as a serious force. We wish—for the time at least and so long as the present transitional, experimental phase endures—to be our own masters, and to be as free as we can make ourselves from the interferences of the outside world.

Thus, regarded from this point of view, the policy of an increased national self-sufficiency is to be considered not as an ideal in itself but as directed to the creation of an environment in which other ideals can be safely and conveniently pursued.

Let me give as dry an illustration of this as I can devise, chosen because it is connected with ideas with which recently my own mind has been largely pre-occupied. In matters of economic detail, as distinct from the central controls, I am in favour of retaining as much private judgment and initiative and enterprise as possible. But I have become convinced that the retention of the structure of private enterprise is incompatible with that degree of material well-being to which our technical advancement entitles us, unless the rate of interest falls to a much lower figure than is likely to come about by natural forces operating on the old lines. Indeed the transformation of society, which I preferably envisage, may require a reduction in the rate of interest towards vanishing point within the next thirty years. But under a system by which the rate of interest finds, under the operation of normal financial forces, a uniform level throughout the world, after allowing for risk and the like, this is most unlikely to occur. Thus for a complexity of reasons, which I cannot elaborate in this place, economic internationalism embracing the free movement of capital and of loanable funds as well as of traded goods may condemn this country for a generation to come to a much lower degree of material prosperity than could be attained under a different system.

But this is merely an illustration. The point is that there is no prospect for the next generation of a uniformity of economic system throughout the world, such as existed, broadly speaking, during the nineteenth century; that we all need to be as free as possible of interference from economic changes elsewhere, in order to make our own favourite experiments towards the ideal social republic of the future; and that a deliberate movement towards greater national self-sufficiency and economic isolation will make our task easier, in so far as it can be accomplished without excessive economic cost.

* The first instalment of this article appeared in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION last week.

IV

There is one more explanation, I think, of the reorientation of our minds. The nineteenth century carried to extravagant lengths the criterion of what one can call for short the financial results, as a test of the advisability of any course of action sponsored by private or by collective action. The whole conduct of life was made into a sort of parody of an accountant's nightmare. Instead of using their vastly increased material and technical resources to build a wonder-city, they built slums; and they thought it right and advisable to build slums because slums, on the test of private enterprise, "paid," whereas the wonder-city would, they thought, have been an act of foolish extravagance, which would, in the imbecile idiom of the financial fashion, have "mortgaged the future"; though how the construction to-day of great and glorious works can impoverish the future no man can see until his mind is beset by false analogies from an irrelevant accountancy. Even to-day we spend our time—half-vainly, but also, I must admit, half-successfully—in trying to persuade our countrymen that the nation as a whole will assuredly be richer if unemployed men and machines are used to build much-needed houses than if they are supported in idleness. For the minds of this generation are still so beclouded by bogus calculations that they distrust conclusions which should be obvious, out of a reliance on a system of financial accounting which casts doubt on whether such an operation will "pay." We have to remain poor because it does not "pay" to be rich. We have to live in hovels, not because we cannot build palaces, but because we cannot "afford" them.

The same rule of self-destructive financial calculation governs every walk of life. We destroy the beauty of the countryside because the unappropriated splendours of nature have no economic value. We are capable of shutting off the sun and the stars because they do not pay a dividend. London is one of the richest cities in the history of civilisation, but it cannot "afford" the highest standards of achievement of which its own living citizens are capable, because they do not "pay."

If I had the power to-day I should surely set out to endow our capital cities with all the appurtenances of art and civilisation on the highest standards of which the citizens of each were individually capable, convinced that what I could create, I could afford—and believing that money thus spent would not only be better than any dole, but would make unnecessary any dole. For with what we have spent on the dole in England since the war we could have made our cities the greatest works of man in the world.

Or again, we have until recently conceived it a moral duty to ruin the tillers of the soil and destroy the age-long human traditions attendant on husbandry if we could get a loaf of bread thereby a tenth of a penny cheaper. There was nothing which it was not our duty to sacrifice to this Moloch and Mammon in one; for we faithfully believed that the worship of these monsters would overcome the evil of poverty and lead the next generation safely and comfortably, on the back of compound interest, into economic peace.

To-day we suffer disillusion, not because we are poorer than we were—on the contrary even to-day we enjoy, in Great Britain at least, a higher standard of life than at any previous period—but because other values seem to have been sacrificed and because, moreover, they seem to have been sacrificed unnecessarily. For our economic system is not, in fact, enabling us to exploit to the utmost the possibilities for economic wealth afforded by the progress of our technique, but falls far short of this, leading us to feel that we might as well have used up the margin in more satisfying ways.

But once we allow ourselves to be disobedient to the test of an accountant's profit, we have begun to change our civilisation. And we need to do so very warily, cautiously and self-consciously. For there is a wide field of human activity where we shall be wise to retain the usual pecuniary tests. It is the State, rather than the individual, which needs to change its criterion. It is the conception of the Chancellor of the Exchequer as the chairman of a sort of joint-stock company which has to be discarded. Now if the functions and purposes of the State are to be thus enlarged, the decision as to what, broadly speaking, shall be produced within the nation and what shall be exchanged with abroad, must stand high amongst the objects of policy.

V

From these reflections on the proper purposes of the State I return to the world of contemporary politics. Having sought to understand and to do full justice to the ideas which underlie the urge felt by so many countries to-day towards greater national self-sufficiency, we have to consider with care whether in practice we are not too easily discarding much of value which the nineteenth century achieved. In those countries where the advocates of national self-sufficiency have attained power, it appears to my judgment that, without exception, many foolish things are being done. Mussolini may be acquiring wisdom teeth. But Russia exhibits the worst example which the world, perhaps, has ever seen of administrative incompetence and of the sacrifice of almost everything that makes life worth living to wooden heads. Germany is at the mercy of unchained irresponsibles—though it is too soon to judge her capacity of achievement. The Irish Free State, a unit much too small for a high degree of national insufficiency except at crushing economic cost, is discussing plans which might, if they were carried out, be ruinous.

Meanwhile, those countries which maintain, or are adopting, straightforward protectionism of the old-fashioned type, refurbished with the addition of a few of the new plan quotas, are doing many things incapable of rational defence. Thus, if the Economic Conference were to achieve a mutual reduction of tariffs and prepare the way for regional agreements, it would be matter for sincere applause. For I must not be supposed to be endorsing all those things which are being done in the political world to-day in the name of economic nationalism. Far from it. But I seek to point out that the world towards which we are uneasily moving is quite different from the ideal economic internationalism of our fathers, and that contemporary policies must not be judged on the maxims of that former faith.

I see three outstanding dangers in economic nationalism and in the movements towards national self-sufficiency.

The first is Silliness—the silliness of the doctrinaire. It is nothing strange to discover this in movements which have passed somewhat suddenly from the phase of midnight high-flown talk into the field of action. We do not distinguish, at first, between the colour of the rhetoric with which we have won a people's assent and the dull substance of the truth of our message. There is nothing insincere in the transition. Words ought to be a little wild, for they are the assault of thoughts upon the unthinking. But when the seats of power and authority have been attained there should be no more poetic licence. On the contrary, we have to count the cost down to the penny which our rhetoric has despised. An experimental society has need to be far more efficient than an old-established one, if it is to survive safely. It will need all its economic margin for its own proper purposes and can afford to give nothing away to softheadedness or doctrinaire folly.

The second danger—and a worse danger than silliness—is Haste. Paul Valéry's aphorism is worth quoting—"Political conflicts distort and disturb the people's sense of distinction between matters of importance and matters of urgency." The economic transition of a Society is a thing to be accomplished slowly. What I have been discussing is not a sudden revolution, but the direction of secular trend. We have a fearful example in Russia to-day of the evils of insane and unnecessary haste. The sacrifices and losses of transition will be vastly greater if the pace is forced. This is above all true of a transition towards greater national self-sufficiency and a planned domestic economy. For it is of the nature of economic processes to be rooted in time. A rapid transition will involve so much pure destruction of wealth that the new state of

affairs will be, at first, far worse than the old, and the grand experiment will be discredited.

The third risk, and the worst risk of all three, is Intolerance and the stifling of instructed criticism. The new movements have usually come into power through a phase of violence or quasi-violence. They have not convinced their opponents; they have downed them. It is the modern method—to depend on propaganda and to seize the organs of opinion; it is thought to be clever and useful to fossilise thought and to use all the forces of authority to paralyse the play of mind on mind. For those who have found it necessary to employ all methods whatever to attain power, it is a serious temptation to continue to use for the task of construction the same dangerous tools which wrought the preliminary house-breaking.

Russia, again, furnishes us with an example of the blunders which a regime makes when it has exempted itself from criticism. The explanation of the incompetence with which wars are always conducted on both sides may be found in the comparative exemption from criticism which the military hierarchy affords to the high command. I have no excessive admiration for politicians, but, brought up as they are in the very breath of criticism, how much superior they are to the soldiers! Revolutions only succeed because they are conducted by politicians against soldiers. Paradox though it be—who ever heard of a successful revolution conducted by soldiers against politicians? But we all hate criticism. Nothing but rooted principle will cause us willingly to expose ourselves to it.

Yet the new economic modes, towards which we are blundering, are, in the essence of their nature, experiments. We have no clear idea laid up in our minds beforehand of exactly what we want. We shall discover it as we move along, and we shall have to mould our material in accordance with our experience. Now for this process bold, free and remorseless criticism is a *sine qua non* of ultimate success. We need the collaboration of all the bright spirits of the age. Stalin has eliminated every independent, critical mind, even when it is sympathetic in general outlook. He has produced an environment in which the processes of mind are atrophied. The soft convolutions of the brain are turned to wood. The multiplied bray of the loud speaker replaces the inflections of the human voice. The bleat of propaganda, as Low has shown us, bores even the birds and the beasts of the field into stupefaction. Let Stalin be a terrifying example to all who seek to make experiments. If not, I, at any rate, will soon be back again in my old nineteenth century ideals, where the play of mind on mind created for us the inheritance which we are seeking to-day to divert to our own appropriate purposes.

J. M. KEYNES

# A LONDON DIARY

IT will be very interesting to see how the press deals with Mr. A. J. Cummings' book, *The Moscow Trial*, just published by Gollancz at 10*s.* 6*d.* It is an admirably objective account by a man who dislikes the Soviet regime, but who went out to tell the truth for the *News Chronicle*, and who resolutely refused to take any part in an organised campaign of lying. His messages were almost the only things that sane people could hold on to in a period of hysteria the like of which, as he rightly says, we have not seen in England since the war. I suppose that my own experience was shared by thousands of people. It was obvious to anyone who knew anything of Russia, or of the methods of press and Foreign Office propaganda, that the scare that the British prisoners were likely to be shot, or that they were likely to be helped by the methods of Sir Esmond Ovey and Mr. Baldwin, that the story (to which a Foreign Office communiqué gave currency) about the "changed demeanour" of Mr. Macdonald after the twenty minutes' interval, the preposterous nonsense about the "Tibetan drug," the pretence that the "trial," as the *Times* always put it, was a farce—it was obvious that these were the product of hysteria deliberately worked up by persons who, as Mr. Cummings makes clear, must have been thinking less about the safety of the prisoners than the most effective ways of creating passionate feeling against Russia. But one was in a hopelessly weak position for exposing the lies because one did not know what the truth was. In the absence of evidence, every protest against nonsense was treated by usually reasonable friends as "apologising for Russia," and the only thing one could do was to appeal for sanity and wait till some of the facts emerged. Many points are still obscure, but Mr. Cummings' book does enable one to get the whole thing in reasonable perspective, and his story tells us as much of the truth as the British public is likely to know for some years to come.

* * *

The best story told by Mr. Cummings concerns the British Embassy staff in Moscow. It is worth repeating here, because it is the best illustration I know of the part which the public school spirit can play in foreign affairs. Mr. Cummings describes how, when he was asleep between two and three in the morning after the first day of the trial, he was awakened by a telephone call and asked to see a Mr. Vivian of the British Embassy. When Mr. Vivian arrived he produced a large piece of paper on which were typed two sentences out of the telegram which Mr. Cummings had sent to the *News Chronicle* the previous day. The sentences stated truthfully "that the accused Englishmen were well and cheerful, and that there appeared to be good hopes of their receiving a fair trial." Let Mr. Cummings tell the rest of the story for himself.

> "Well," I said, "this is at least a gratifying indication that my message has interested somebody. What's it all about?"
>
> Mr. Vivian of the Embassy gave me a long and searching look. "What I have to ask you," he said, "is whether you wrote that passage as it appeared in your paper?"
>
> "I wrote it," I replied; "and the next thing?"
>
> "Then let me ask you," pursued Mr. Vivian, now presenting a very nice imitation of a small British lion rampant, "whether you think it is playing the game to send such statements to England?"
>
> "I don't altogether take you," I said; "but, since you are anxious to know, you may as well understand, and let your people understand, that I did not come to Moscow to play any game or anybody's game, least of all the British Embassy's game, and that I regard your question as an impertinence."

Could the author of *Loyalties* have hoped for a happier example of the assumption among Eton and Oxford people that, whether right or wrong, it is always one's duty to hang together, even to the extent of deliberately suppressing the truth?

* * *

Writers always feel that they are under-advertised. No one, I suppose, who has ever written a book and seen it announced in a tiny rectangle of fine printing, above the chaste legend: "Distinguished," *Bannockburn Star*, would complain of the energy and frankness with which modern publishers attempt to push their wares. Publicity, nevertheless, can be overdone. For example, there is the practice which has grown up recently of sending out special copies of a new book and soliciting "advance opinions" of its merits. Critics and novelists are inundated with such requests; a well-known authoress informed me the other day that almost every week brought a number of hopeful volumes, each accompanied by a suitable flattering missive. Here the modern publisher emulates the commercial advertiser. But, whereas an actress or woman of title, who gives her "opinion" of cold cream or soap or lipstick, expects, and invariably receives, a substantial reward, the unfortunate novelist is asked to provide a gratuitous puff: *The finest book by a woman writer since "Wuthering Heights,"* etc., etc. The effect of this advance reviewing is to make it difficult for any but the toughest-minded reviewer to give his own opinion. In one case I saw the other day the reviewer explained that he had not yet read the book, and then quoted a eulogy of it by a well-known writer who had seen it before it was published. In the long run such a system must surely lead to disillusion, for a publisher will always be able to find

someone who likes the book, so that we shall get no real criticism at all.

* * *

The purpose of this page is to give readers authoritative articles on topical subjects.

It must be clearly understood, therefore, that the opinions expressed are those of the contributors, and not necessarily of the *Daily Mirror*.

* * *

A new fashion in finger-nail decoration has arrived. I saw it worn for the first time by a pretty American girl at a private Independence Day celebration. It consisted of three vertical stripes—red, white and green—which adorned the fourth finger of her right hand.—*Daily Mail*.

* * *

Hundreds of men and women wept as the white-shawled rabbit of the great synagogue sorrowfully chanted an age-old Hebrew prayer.

The Chief Rabbit of the British Empire, Dr. J. H. Hertz, in his sermon, compared the Hitler movement to the witch doctors of barbaric times.—Provincial paper.

* * *

"I can never admit that wine is an intoxicant."—Dr. Vascoucellos (Portuguese delegate) at the World Economic Conference.

* * *

"I should be very suspicious if a friend of mine asked me for a vote of confidence in him—it isn't done among friends—why is it done among politicians?"—Lady Houston in the *Saturday Review*.

* * *

Finally, we should have to rely on international good-will for our security and prosperity—a thing quite unacceptable when alternative measures were available.—The Duke of Sutherland on proposals for air disarmament at the annual meeting of the Air League.—*Times*.

* * *

Wing-Commander James (Wellingborough, U.) said that it would clear up the matter and prevent misunderstanding of the reservation of the British Government in regard to air bombing if it was referred to as preventive bombing rather than police bombing.—*Times*.

CRITIC

# THE CASE FOR NOISE

SENSITIVE people have been writing to the *Times* to protest against the freedom enjoyed, even in these days of vanishing liberties, by street musicians. Why, they ask, should one section of the community be allowed to earn a living by hindering another section of the community from earning a living? Surely, however, if one set of workers is to be suppressed in order that another set may be able to work in peace, we ought to begin by suppressing more serious offenders than street musicians. Grant the principle that one set of workers must not be allowed to interfere with another by making a noise, and we shall find ourselves having to abolish almost the entire transport system. Motor lorries, motor buses, motor cars, motor bicycles, are all, from the point of view of the hater of noises, pestilential. The sound of horns, of changing gears, of squeaking brakes, of rattling loads, is a music hideous in comparison with that produced by the worst cornet-player. It is a music, too, that has not the excuse that it is intended, like the cornet-player's, to give us pleasure. There is as little pleasure, again, to be had from listening to a tram as from listening to a heavy object falling downstairs. As for trains that shunt and bump all night at railway-junctions, with mighty engines hooting at each other, it is not a noise that soothes the lover of silence at his late desk. All these things undoubtedly hinder many people at their work, and their only defence is that they are essential in order to provide work for other people.

The builder, again, is a terrible disturber of other workers. If noise is to be done away with, building must be done away with. Whistler, I believe, did once go out to some builders who were at work near his house in Chelsea and peremptorily order them to stop building as it interfered with his painting. The builders, however, did not understand the logic of his position, and merely regarded him as an eccentric. Yet one does not need to be an eccentric in order to be exasperated by the day-long din of trowels and the fiendish uproar of pneumatic drills. Nor can the clergy themselves pursue their vocation without persistently invading their neighbours' peace. Centuries ago, some innocent idealist invented a church-bell, and there has been a plague of church-bells in the world ever since. It would not matter so much if they were good bells—though even the best of bells can disturb a scholar's meditations—but a great many of them are extremely bad bells. Many men have been driven into the arms of rationalism through living too close to a peal of bells. The telephone system is another thing that will have to be abolished if we insist upon having silence for our work. Of all noises the sound of the telephone-bell is the one that I detest most. It always seems to come as a rude interruption. Not even its association with invitations to innumerable charming parties has made it tolerable. Why, then, do I keep a telephone in the house? It must, I think, be because everybody else has a telephone in the house.

Now, do the haters of noise seriously propose to abolish the transport system, the telephone system, the church, and the building trade on the ground that all these things produce noises that are irritating to men engaged in intellectual work? If they do not, how can they reasonably call for the suppression of street-howlers and yowlers and players of stringed instruments? May it not be, indeed, that their entire attitude to noise is both unreasonable and unnatural? There is no evidence, so far as I know, that the human being is born with a hatred of noise. Even the most intellectual baby in the cradle smiles at the sound of a rattle and, before long, it is triumphantly beating a spoon on the table, drowning the conversation of its elders.

The boy as he grows up will beat an empty bucket as a recreation. He will joyously draw a stick across railings. He will extract music from a comb. He will make deafening noises for the love of making them. He will whirl a buzzer. He will blow a penny trumpet with only one note. He will rush wherever there is noise to be heard. In my own childhood every boy under the age of ten would have run a mile to hear a German band. The monotonous noises of machinery delighted us. We could stand for hours looking at and listening to reaping machines and threshing machines. If a merry-go-round with a mechanical organ was in the neighbourhood it was impossible to stay away from it. We haunted railway-stations with their noisy engines. We loved the sound of cranes at work unloading ships in harbours. Navvies breaking up a road with picks, gardeners sharpening scythes on hones, dogs barking, people quarrelling with raised voices in the streets, carpenters hammering, blacksmiths beating horse-shoes into shape on anvils, cockle-sellers inarticulately shouting their wares, newsboys yelling, cocks crowing, toy-pistols crackling, fireworks exploding—I am sure I enjoyed almost every sound in nature and in civilisation except thunder. And I might even have enjoyed thunder if my nurse had not told me that it was God speaking in anger at our sins and that, moreover, lightning was dangerous.

It is as though the natural boy realised that where there is noise there is life. After all he comes into life with a cry, and, if he does not make a noise at an early stage, his parents are unhappy. Loudly as many of us protest against noise we know in our hearts that the really terrifying thing is silence. It is because most of us are in such terror of silence that we talk so much. We may have nothing to say, but we rummage our sterile brains for words that will at least keep the noise going. I know a lady who when she is introduced to people at a party merely stares at them in silence till the words fade from their stammering lips and they look round in agony, feeling unable either to stay where they are or to go away. There is nothing more uncomfortable than to find oneself in the company of a man who never says a word but occasionally whistles under his breath. If he whistled out loud, one would not complain, but that absent minded kind of half-whistling only intensifies the silence. Close friends may enjoy each other's company in silence, but silent strangers are the devil. Much conversation being what it is, however, I sometimes wonder whether it would not be better if we carried about

whistles and drums and other instruments of the kind, and, when in company, made a noise with these instead of with our vocal cords. A derisive tootle on a flute would be a more effective answer than I can give to many of the arguments I hear, and the banging of a drum would often represent perfectly well everything that I mean.

The haters of noise will have to explain away this hatred of silence if they are to succeed in their campaign. They must also be prepared to face and refute the charge that they are playing false to human nature in their active detestation of street-music. They say that noise disturbs them, but is that their fault or the fault of the noise? Have they the right to let it disturb them? There is a thrush singing in my garden without even the excuse that he is doing it for a living. If I adopted the attitude of those who hate noise I should probably become irritated by him and go out and throw stones at him. As it is, if I want to work, I can cease to hear him; and I think that, if we are put to it, we can shut out a good many noises from our consciousness provided that we do not tell ourselves that they are hateful. If a poet began to think of noises of the countryside as hateful, he would not be able to work in the country. As it is he works quite peacefully amid an orgy of noises, which, if they were produced by itinerant musicians by mechanical means in the streets of a city, would make—or seem to make—intellectual labour impossible. Imagine what London would be like if itinerant musicians went about giving perfect imitations of mooing cows, neighing horses, baaing sheep, gaggling geese, gobbling turkeycocks, quacking ducks, crowing cocks, drumming woodpeckers, hooting owls and singing nightingales. Should we not all declare the noise intolerable and call for its suppression? Yet the country is full of such sounds, and the poet loves them as the slum child loves the sound of a barrel-organ.

There is obviously a case to be made out for the street musicians. I have felt all the freer to try to state the case since I live in a street that is very little infested with them. As a result, I can afford to be reasonable. I am a man, however, who changes his opinions easily, and if my poor friend with the travelling harmonium should one day vary his round and establish himself outside my door-step, I might fall a victim to prejudice. Street musicians should play in other people's streets. That is the condition on which the law should permit the exercise of their art. Y. Y.

## WHAT DO WE PAY FOR ADVERTISING?

[This is the first of a series of articles, to be published at intervals, on the social effects, technique and influence of advertising.—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

"THIS," said Mr. Justice Branson recently, "was obviously an advertisement. No one could suppose it purported to say anything as a matter of fact." And not only THE NEW STATESMAN, but others who collect the nation's weekly indiscretions, happily put this prize at the head of their lists. Everyone pretends to be cynical about advertisements; but most people, even the educated, are influenced by them. The cynicism is obvious enough; it has been given legal authority by one of Mr. Justice Branson's predecessors, who drew a serious distinction between truth in advertising and just plain truth. The influence, too, is beyond question. Over five thousand firms* in Britain put money into press advertisements last year; and the bulk of them had done it the year before. Though they represent, in the main, only a few sections of British light industry, in such a matter as this they may be presumed to know their own business best. Both the influence and the cynicism are social phenomena whose significance will bear consideration.

Cynicism about advertisements arises from the contradiction between their implicit claim to be disinterested and the obvious fact that they are not; but this mistrust is certainly sharpened by the sheer obtrusiveness of advertising, whose apparent bulk suggests that something substantial is being added to the cost of goods to pay for it. We may begin by asking how big this addition really is. Estimates of this country's yearly advertising bill have run as high as £200,000,000, representing something like a shilling in the pound of the whole national income; but such exact measurement as is possible points to a very much lower figure. A well-based estimate of the money spent on advertisements in the newspapers and periodicals last year indicates £25,000,000 as an approximate total; and that when the expenditure on posters, films, advertisement by post, and material for use in shops has been included, the sum of £50,000,000 might cover it all. An expenditure equivalent to 3*d.* in the £ of the nation's income, and perhaps 5*d.* in the £ of total retail turnover, does not suggest any heavy inroad into the housewife's weekly allowance. It seems that the sheer physical dominance and aggressiveness of advertisements in newspapers, and by the roadside, together with the crudity of method and extravagance of assertion that mark too many of them, have given them a seeming importance that their real place in the national economy does not deserve.

In the main, this is true and important. Not only are the basic industries of the country conducted, for the present, with practically no aid from systematic advertising, but big classes of consumption goods, of the sort that loom large in the average householder's weekly budget, have insignificant publicity or none. Meat, milk, butter, fruit, vegetables, bread, sugar, tea, fuel, light, many sorts of clothing—this list in the aggregate probably has less than a fifth of a penny spent on its advertising for every pound sterling of sales. It is very difficult to estimate how the British public in the mass divides its money among different sorts of goods,† but probably three-fifths of the retail turnover in Britain carries less than a tenth of the country's advertising bill. Of the £25,000,000 spent on branded products in the press, patent medicines, baby foods, drinks and tobacco, soaps and toilet goods account for half. Almost a quarter goes on packaged foodstuffs, wireless and gramophones, motor cars, petrols and accessories. Facts of this sort suggest considerable caution before we launch into ambitious generalisations about the place of advertising in the economic life of the country; and they may serve to reassure those consumers who fear that their bills in general are unduly inflated by publicity costs. Moreover, even among the commodities responsible for the great bulk of the advertising expenditure, its incidence varies very widely. There is reason to think that in the field of patent medicines a fourth of the retail price is spent on advertising (which means that in many instances it must account for half, or more than half, the manufacturer's selling price to the retailer). At the other end of the scale, so far as important advertisers are concerned, comes the drink trade, which spends no more than a half of 1 per cent. of its retail turnover on advertising. The tobacco trade spends perhaps 1*s.* in the £—the publicity allocation for some well-known individual cigarette brands being perhaps two or three times as great. Confectionery, as a whole, probably spends as little as 6*d.* in the £ of retail value. Toilet articles, together with certain sorts of proprietary health foods, appear to enjoy publicity budgets approaching the gorgeous scale of the patent medicine field.

With these facts in mind, we can put a just estimate upon the utterances of those tabloid economists who speak as though advertising were a burden, or a blessing, for the entire retail trade of the country. Remarkable as has been its growth in volume since the war, it is up to the present only a limited implement of salesmanship, employed to any significant extent

* This, and other figures respecting advertising expenditure quoted in this article or used as a basis for comment, are drawn from the statistical surveys undertaken by an advertising agency, the London Press Exchange, and summarised in its privately circulated *Survey of Advertising in* 1932.

† The basis of some of the conjectures regarding national spending in this article will be found in Feavearyear's "Spending the National Income," *Economic Journal*, March, 1931.

by a minority of the consumption industries of the country. It is, of course, one aspect of the technique of forced selling that has followed on the double effect of mass-production in cheapening the manufactured cost of products and expanding mass purchasing power. It is true that the expenses of selling have increased so much as to offset quite a large part of the savings in the cost of making; but advertising has played by no means a predominant part in that increase. In this matter of its supposed addition to the cost of living it is often debited with all the ill-effects of a process very much wider than itself. Incidentally, the role of scapegoat is one to which advertising seems predestined by its very nature. It amplifies many of the distortions of our present-day commercial instrument, and unthinking critics blame the amplifier. If advertising is wasteful—and in part it certainly is—its wastes are simply a logical extension of the wastes of competition; they are no more foolish, but only more blatant, than the wastes that may be involved in competitive factories and competitive "sales-forces." This is a commonplace, but sometimes overlooked.

To return: if it is true that the direct burden of advertising on living costs is slighter than is commonly supposed, it is likely, on the other hand, that some of the claims made for it as assisting indirectly to lower those costs are exaggerated or unreal. No doubt, as a technique of mass-selling, it plays its part in that general scheme of industrial mass-process which has lowered the cost of making things; but it must be an assumption to say that the economies of mass-production could not be made available without it. Probably there are instances in which its use in speeding up the effective launching of a new product, or increasing the vogue for an established one, has enabled a manufacturer to keep his selling price low; but any advertising man can recall at least as many instances in which prices are kept a little higher to allow a margin for advertising as an insurance policy for stability or a weapon of aggression. On the other hand, it is quite probable that it does, or could, help to lower retailing costs. Among those branded goods where its presence is most felt it does something towards paying for itself by speeding up the passage from factory to consumer, lessening the need for the function of wholesaling, and reducing demands upon the retailer's space and time. This contribution should be reflected in some reduction of retail discounts on advertised as against unadvertised goods, and it is extremely difficult (attempts have been made) to establish any such difference. But that is probably not the fault of advertising; the economies it involves go to subsidise the retailer, rather than to reward the manufacturer or lower the price to the public. Our factory processes belong to the twentieth century; but four-fifths of British retailing is on the level of the cottage industries of the seventeenth century; it is inevitably a parasite on modern manufacture and contemporary selling methods.

In sum, it appears to me that the *direct* part played by advertising in the contemporary economic scheme, and particularly its effects for good or ill on the cost of living, are not vastly important. But its indirect influence on some aspects of social organisation is altogether greater than its direct effects might suggest. Despite its comparative smallness in bulk, it has in ten or fifteen years made a most marked change in the position of the independent retailer, and having reduced his status it will go on to assist either in revolutionising his methods or in abolishing him. It has played a great part in quickening the tempo of social changes of the more superficial kind, exemplified in the growth of wireless and motoring; for if advertising bulks fairly small in the total of goods on which money is spent, it bulks much larger in relation to the commodities that people are really interested in—the growing points of social habit. It has remade 95 per cent. of the daily and periodical press, governing its financial organisation and affecting its editorial outlook in surprising and unexpectedly numerous ways. It is commencing—in its capacity as a summary or focus of the modern idea of salesmanship—to play a really effective part in the long overdue improvement of design in articles of everyday use. It is developing a technique of mass-information and persuasion by print which must come to play a more and more vital part in the organisation and progress of developed communities (already even Government Departments are beginning to address the community they serve in a tone of voice, and with printed trappings, that would not disgrace a private firm). And it is commencing to build up, as a kind of by-product, a technique of market study which promises ultimately to lessen very greatly the wastes that result, in large societies, from the maladjustment between the aims of the producer and the needs of the consumer. These things—of all of which it is hoped to say something in due course—may be held to overshadow in significance the vulgarities, the falsehoods and the wastes of the present phase.

S. C. LESLIE

## THE ANGLE OF APPROACH

WHY rail at the Conference? Dying or dead,
Its fate simply proves that all Powers and Dominions
When they've pondered—like us—what the experts have said,
Will stick—like ourselves—to their former opinions.
Mr. Roosevelt, we're told, was too prone to dictate,
And the French on their own selfish interests stood pat—
Well, we've prided ourselves on our "firmness" of late,
So what can we find to object to in that?

Since we're taught by the press to "put Ottawa first,"
We can hardly complain when a logical nation,
With a scheme of its own, does its best, or its worst,
For "commodity dollars"—or stabilisation.
In the President's lecture we noticed a trace
Of the gangster's crude argument, "packing agat";
But while *we* use embargoes for proving a case
We can scarcely find much to object to in that.

Yet I wonder at times, though I'm loth to encroach
On this welter of policies, jarring and jangling.
If the nations, by changing their line of approach,
Might not rescue mankind from the fruits of their wrangling.
Just think what "sensations" the papers would miss
If we turned, when proposals are laid on the mat,
To "What can we find that is useful in this?"
From "What can we find to object to in that?"

MACFLECKNOE

# Correspondence

## NATIONAL SELF-SUFFICIENCY

SIR,—In his article on "National Self-sufficiency," published in your last week's issue, Mr. Keynes makes the suggestion that the advantages of the international division of labour to-day are not at all comparable with what they were (presumably in the nineteenth century). Is it too much to ask Mr. Keynes to substantiate this statement, coming, as it does, from a professional economist of such high international reputation? In the form in which it is published, your readers may easily be led to the belief that the advantages of international trade depend upon certain environmental peculiarities which do not obtain, or do not obtain to the same degree, to-day, as they did in the past. I do not think that this can have been in Mr. Keynes' mind.

In fact, there is nothing in modern industrial development which would make the advantages of international trade any the less substantial than they were in the past. On the contrary, in so far as inductive evidence is of any avail, it points in the opposite direction. It is true, of course, that owing to modern inventions it has become *technically* possible to produce many commodities under environmental conditions which previously did not admit of such production. But that does not in the least imply that it has become economically more advantageous to produce a greater diversity of commodities in a smaller space.

The advantages of international division of labour, just as the advantages of the division of labour within national boundaries, consist of those "increasing returns of specialisation" which depend upon the size of the market for individual commodities. This, at any rate, has been, since Adam Smith, the generally accepted doctrine among economists. Given the size of the market, there is a limit to the extent to which specialisation can profitably be carried and, consequently, to the extent to which these increasing returns can be realised. Anything which increases the size of the market will increase the size of these economies: and anything which limits its size will diminish the degree of specialisation which can profitably be maintained. Even countries which are exactly alike in respect of all environmental conditions, the density of their population, etc., can derive great benefit from trading with each other if thereby they are enabled "to pool their markets" and specialise upon a smaller number of different commodities. Protection, on the other hand, by separating markets from each other, necessarily prevents these latent economies from coming into existence.

Mr. Keynes, therefore, in order to prove his suggestion, would have to show that recent inventions had the effect of diminishing the advantages which specialisation *per se* entails. Has there been any important discovery in industry which would bear this out? I would suggest that a survey of modern industrial methods would rather show that the contrary is the case. And granted that with the increase in wealth, holiday amenities, personal services, etc., become relatively more important than commodities, would he deny that the Riviera can provide these things much better than Blackpool? Provision of the former may involve "international division of labour" in just the same way as the provision of the latter.

Some people might point out that after the war the volume of international trade increased much more slowly than before, and in late years it has rapidly diminished. I trust Mr. Keynes will agree with me that this fact, however regrettable, is wholly irrelevant to the argument in question. NICHOLAS KALDOR

18 Gordon Square, W.C.1.

## BRITISH SUBJECTS IN GERMANY

SIR,—First-hand sworn evidence of official Nazi terrorism is accumulating in such great quantities that you might fill all your columns with it to the exclusion of anything else. But in view of the recent attitude of the British press to the sacred right of British subjects and the widespread public interest (to say nothing of the politicians' and newspaper proprietors' interest) in the very least of their fellows resident in distant lands, perhaps the following story may deserve a little of your valuable space.

A Mr. Zero (he matters so little that it is a fitting pseudonym) was arrested a month ago in Berlin, kept in prison under degrading and terroristic conditions for thirty-one days and then deported. He had no political convictions, luckily for him, but was the proud possessor of a British passport and he assumed the right to the protection that it promises. But he was mistaken, it seems. His colour, his race, and, no doubt, his social position (he was an unemployed violinist) having aroused the suspicions of the German authorities failed to arouse any interest or promote any action on the part of the people in Berlin who are deputed to look after Britons there.

It would appear that "We," His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, although "requesting" on the said passport, and "requiring in the name of His Majesty all those whom it may concern to allow the bearer to pass freely without let or hindrance," raised no barrier to the man's deportation, and failed entirely to carry out the last part of the passport's commands, namely, "to afford him or her every assistance and protection of which he or she may stand in need." For Mr. Zero stood very much in need of protection, as he was arrested, imprisoned, deported, and landed at Grimsby in what he stood up in, minus all his personal possessions, including his only means of livelihood, his violin—"We," apparently, not being powerful enough to get him possession of his violin nor see that he was treated decently while awaiting deportation.

Would it be possible for the Home Office to state quite clearly what is the income level and social (or racial) status below which the words on a British passport become inoperative, in order to make international travel and residence less complicated and dangerous? WINIFRED HORRABIN

Gardnor Mansions, 5 Church Row,
N.W.3.

## WAR, SADISM AND PACIFISM

SIR,—In an appreciation of one of my own articles on psychoanalysis some two years ago Mr. Joad confessed that he was not an authority on the subject. He is not. His article on Dr. Glover's book is useful but erroneous. He evidently fails to understand the nature of instinct and to distinguish between instincts and perversions of instincts.

All real instinct is purposive. There is nothing either in man's physiological or in his psychological make-up which has no purpose. When an instinct or a physiological organ ceases to have a useful function to perform it soon becomes atrophied. When the ape's tail ceased to be needed for the purposes of tree climbing the tail vanished. Consequently when man's belligerent instincts cease to have a purpose to perform they too will become atrophied. In fact to a very large degree the belligerent instincts are already atrophied. Deep in man's sub-conscious the belligerent instincts continue to lurk. But because they are there it does not mean that he is bound to find an outlet for them. Such instincts only come to the fore when there is a positive need for them.

The Bantu races of Africa are great lion hunters. War against the lions colours their whole social life, their religious beliefs and sociological organisation. There is not the slightest doubt that every race of man has at one time or another passed through a similar period, and memories of it continue to lurk in our conscious. Yet for centuries civilised man has successfully sublimated the energies which he used to expend in spearing lions into the innocent pastime of throwing darts at targets in public-house parlours. Take the son of a darts champion, however, and bring him up in the jungle and he will soon develop a Bantu psychology with regard to lions.

So long as conditions exist which justify warfare man's belligerent instincts will continue to function; but as soon as the causes of war are removed the belligerent instincts will rapidly become atrophied. It is also a great error to confuse sadism and masochism with the belligerent instincts. Sadism and masochism are so closely interbound with sexual intercourse that so long as sexual intercourse remains, sadism and masochism in some mild or sublimated form will also remain. But the belligerent instincts are in a different category. The mass psychological characteristics which Mr. Joad describes as masochism are not masochism at all but a somewhat exaggerated form of the social instinct—the instinct which causes man to merge his individuality into the social organism.

The only justifying cause of belligerence amongst civilised men is the existence of classes of rich and poor. Modern war between nations is nearly always a perversion of the class war. The last great war arose because certain ruling classes of Europe, particularly in Berlin and Moscow, were being seriously threatened by the uprising of the poor people within their own countries. And for a time the ruling classes were able to pervert the mass class hatred into racial hatred. The same policy is being pursued by Hitler. He is endeavouring to pervert the normal hatred of the starving masses of Germany for the Junkers and Plutocrats into hatred for Jews and non-Aryans. When civilised man has exterminated the rich, in the same way in which he eventually exterminated the lions, he will probably sublimate his belligerent instincts by throwing bombs at effigies of kings and potentates. When he tires of this pastime his belligerent instincts will become atrophied. GORDON HOSKING

4 Cambridge Road,
New Malden, Surrey.

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SIR,—In your last issue, Mr. Joad wrote: "If he (Dr. Glover) would only add to our knowledge of how to cope with them (the unconscious factors productive of war), our gratitude would be sensibly increased." Dr. Glover in *War, Sadism and Pacifism*, suggests that recognition by the individual of his unconscious motives would terminate war. Dr. Glover cannot do other people's recognition for them.

In the first part of his book, he roughly outlines the unconscious motivation of war and pacificism: in the last, confessing that his outline is rough, he sketches the basis of a Thousand Year Plan of research into War and Peace Lust from every angle. He considers that a shorter period than a thousand years would yield data liable to be inaccurate. Yet Mr. Joad seems to demand the short cure from the one man who says he cannot give it.

Suppose Dr. Glover to have the age-span of Methuselah and the myriad hands of Siva, he could not conduct research on the scale he considers necessary: suppose he could, and in 2033 A.D. produced his encyclopaedic report, the report would be useless except to light fires in war-stricken houses, unless he could command the emotional adherence and intellectual co-operation of at least the majority of people.

As a factor in Weltpolitik, truth is unimportant unless its recognition is widespread. For this reason, and because the resistance to the recognition of unconscious motivation is deep and general, I suggest that investigation of the unconscious factors productive of war is not peculiarly Dr. Glover's business; but Mr. Joad's also and everybody's.

30 Well Walk, N.W.3. ARTHUR CALDER MARSHALL

## POLICE BOMBING

SIR,—Mrs. Rackham in your issue of July 8th quotes from a book of Lord Baden Powell. What is this power of the printed word which makes it gospel in its reader's eyes? The gallant Lord speaks from no personal knowledge: can we not put against his light comment the opinion of such experienced frontier administrators as Sir Percy Cox, Sir Francis Humphreys, Sir Henry Dobbs, and Sir Stewart Pears, who have all borne testimony to the humanity of air control?

Lord Baden Powell could have chosen no worse example. Waziristan has a road right through it "with fortified posts commanded by sympathetic, sportsmanlike officers," and yet off that thin ribbon of road are areas where the troops cannot penetrate except in great force and at great loss of life to both sides, and for years the Air Force has had to exercise its beneficent control.

It was after one of these air campaigns some years ago that I had the pleasure of meeting our late enemies, to whom I was introduced as the officer responsible for the bombing. I was greeted warmly, with every mark of pleasure and esteem by the chief offenders, with whom I discussed the details of the campaign. They were plainly relieved that a settlement had been arrived at for their outrages at so little cost to themselves, but of rancour or bitterness there was no trace.

There is no room here for controversy. I must deny the rights of the Churches or the stay-at-homes to judge this matter. Personal knowledge of the tribesmen and of the conditions under which they live is essential to arrive at a sober judgment.

Secretary-General, Air League of the British Empire, 19 Berkeley Street, W.1. J. A. CHAMIER, Air Commodore,

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SIR,—Your correspondent quotes from Lord Baden Powell's "Lessons from the Varsity of Life," showing that aerial bombardment for police purposes eliminates the good effect produced in former days by "sympathetic, sportsmanlike officers."

This is even more true of civil than military officers.

Before air action was used along the frontiers and wilder places of the Empire the political officers tried every endeavour to settle impending disturbances by using their own personal tact and persuasion. The last thing such officials desired was the intervention of military assistance. The reasons are obvious. Military action in their area disorganised the normal civil routine for an indefinite period and robbed them of a considerable proportion of their power and prestige. Once martial law in a district was declared the unfortunate civil official was relegated from his normal paramount position and spent most of his time supplying information to, or getting supplies and transport for, some senior military officer, whilst from his humble seat in the background he was forced to watch the inevitable destruction of much of his normal constructive work. It was natural, therefore, that the man with the pen was not anxious to call in the assistance of the man with the sword. The new method of keeping these areas quiet by bombing villages and thus terrorising the population into "law and order," whilst admittedly most effective is, in reality, just a little too convenient.

The political officer of to-day faced with a tiresome problem has only to ask for assistance from the air. Such assistance does not interfere with his normal work, is quick and obtains the desired result. Only where such officers are particularly "sympathetic and sportsmanlike" will they resist the temptation to use this convenient weapon a little too often!

St. Mary's Grange, Easthorpe, Kelvedon. PHILIP S. MUMFORD

## FORCE AND DEMOCRACY

SIR,—Dr. Breitscheid's explanation of recent events in Germany is a warning to all those who still believe in democratic institutions. Democracy with all its palpable defects still remains as the only system which guarantees the security and freedom of individuals, and provides for the progressive and peaceful development of the State. The reason is not far to seek. The basis of the democratic system is the conception that the right use of force should be limited to the exercise of the police function. This means that the right of rebellion no longer exists. When every individual citizen possesses the vote, he or she is morally deprived of the right to resort to forceful means for the attainment of their own ends. Through the system of parliamentary representation every person is able indirectly to exert his influence upon the government of his country and the framing of its laws. Consequently, the right use of force is restricted to the protection of the community and the enforcement of its laws.

Force having become exclusively the servant of the law and the monopoly of the people, it follows that no political party or faction has the right to arm itself or to establish military or semi-military organisations in competition with the forces employed by the State and controlled by the parliamentary representatives of the people.

In a democracy the political parties, during their tenure of office, become the custodians of the physical forces which are required to maintain law and order and thus ensure the peaceful development of the community. To betray this trust is the greatest sin they can commit. They are traitors to the whole community if they allow any faction to arm itself. Once the process of arming is tolerated, the whole structure of the democratic state is undermined.

Dr. Breitscheid, in his retirement at Prague, now recognises this truth. He says that "the mistake of the anti-Fascist is not to be sought in the renunciation of resistance at the outbreak of the national revolution, but in the fact that they did not interrupt the dangerous preparations in time and confined themselves to an attempt to maintain, by forming parliamentary majorities, a democratic regime that was, moreover, becoming more and more dubious."

The German people and their democratic leaders failed to maintain their liberties because they allowed the Nazi, Stahlhelm and Reichsbanner factions to arm themselves and assume the status of semi-military organisations. This procedure was obviously illegal and the charge against Dr. Breitscheid and his friends is that they allowed this illegality to persist and lacked the courage to suppress it in its incipient stages.

Fundamentally, however, the German people are to blame, because they have not yet learned the simple truth that the right use of force in a democratic community should be limited to the police function. They have repudiated this moral principle in the government of their own country. Will they also repudiate it in its wider application to the governance of Europe and the world? DAVIES

44 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4.

## THE KAKAMEGA GOLDFIELD

SIR,—I have spent recently four or five weeks in the Kakamega Goldfield and can claim to have some first-hand knowledge of prevailing conditions. In a "London Diary" published in your issue of April 8th your contributor writes that "sluicing washes the surface soil down into the streams and leaves bare stones instead of the land which was the natives' livelihood." Sluicing is employed in alluvial workings which take place either in river beds or on the banks. In neither of these places are crops grown by the natives, so that no damage is done. Compensation is paid for disturbance of land in reef workings and rent at the rate of 3*s*. per month per person is paid for camping on native owned land.

In my experience white men are welcomed in the Reserve by the natives. When travelling in the area I was not infrequently shown samples of rock by natives from their "shambas" with the request to come and dig on their land. Owing to the presence of Europeans in the Reserve unexpected prosperity has come to the local inhabitants. Not only can they sell their produce in much larger quantities, but they can also obtain work near their homes. Prior to this the natives were dependent upon the sale of their produce to pay their Hut Tax, unless they left their homes to work in distant towns.

Strange as it may appear to your contributor, Dr. Norman Leys, Lord Olivier and other of our critics I found everywhere the most friendly relations existing between miners and natives.

Nairobi, Kenya Colony. A. F. J. GEDYE

[Critic writes: Eyewitnesses report that sluicing and trenching do, in fact, cause great destruction to native farming and especially to the well-watered land near the river banks which is naturally most suitable for crops. Photographs of the goldfield confirm this view. I did not deny that some compensation is paid for disturbance of land, but as the Government keeps no record of such compensation I am not inclined summarily to dismiss complaints of its inadequacy. As to the native view of the situation, I would refer Mr. Gedye to such native petitions as that presented to the House of Commons by Sir Robert Hamilton on behalf of a number of members of the Kavirondo tribe. It expresses "appalling surprise" that the Government should have gone back on its word in the Native Land Trust Ordinance, and in recording the damage done in breaking up tribal life speaks of the difficulty of resettling dispossessed natives and says, with obvious truth, that to a native no money compensation can atone for loss of land. I have no doubt that many white miners are on excellent terms with individual natives, but what has that to do with long distant results?]

## STATELESS WOMEN

SIR,—Drawing attention to Lord Sankey's explanation that the Dominions will not permit the British Government to concede the British woman's demand to be allowed to retain her citizenship on marriage to a foreigner, you say that the reason for the Dominions' objection is not clear.

Permit me to make known, therefore, what is really behind this denial of justice to women. During the period of the last Labour Government, after an Imperial Conference at which this matter had been raised, a Cabinet Minister in a position to know (not connected with the Office of Works) told me that the proposal had been defeated by the representatives of the Irish Free State, Canada and South Africa, who were acting in deference to the wishes of their Roman Catholic citizens. The opposition, as I understood, was based on the Roman Catholic view that the wife should have no status in citizenship as distinct from that of her husband. It would thus appear that one of the blessings of Empire is that in matters of individual freedom conditions in this country are governed by the most obscurantist outlook in the Dominions. Hats off to the Empire! ERNEST THURTLE

49 Lichfield Grove, N.3.

## TRIBUNAL

SIR,—Early in the year a new International Review of Penal Administration was published under the title of *Tribunal*. It contains articles describing the latest penal developments and experiments in many different countries written by experts from the country concerned. Though the venture roused considerable interest, there are a certain number of copies left which are not now likely to be sold. This is chiefly due to the position in Germany, where the attitude on international and penal matters has so changed since the publication was planned that the sales anticipated there have not materialised. As *Tribunal* contains much interesting matter not easily accessible elsewhere, it seems a pity to allow the unsold copies to be wasted, and the editors have therefore decided to send a copy to anyone who is willing to forward sixpence to defray postage. Amongst the contributions there are articles on the London Juvenile Courts and Child Guidance in this country, on the new penal code it was hoped to introduce in Germany before the Nazi revolution, on penal institutions in Canada and the Royal Commission on Public Welfare in Ontario, and on aspects of work amongst delinquent children in India, Holland and Peru. W. A. ELKIN,

Parliament Mansions, Asst. Editor

Victoria Street, S.W.1.

## THE CAMARGO BALLET

SIR,—If your readers would take the trouble to compare Mr Keynes' letter in your last issue with the criticism on the gala performance of the Camargo Ballet Society of which he complains, they would see that he either does not reply to or misrepresents the points raised in that criticism. The accompanying notice of the Ballet Club was, of course, quite distinct from that of the Camargo Society and in no way reflected upon it. It is good news that the Covent Garden gala performance was a financial success; but I was present as a critic of choreography and not as an economist. YOUR CRITIC

## CAMBRIDGE MUSIC

SIR,—I have read with interest the correspondence in your columns between Dr. Philip Vernon and Mr. W. J. Turner. The latter seems not to know, or to have forgotten, two important factors in our music at Cambridge. First, our terms last only eight weeks. Second, there is no "official" making of music, i.e., singing or playing of any kind, either in college or university, outside the college chapels, beyond the singing of a hymn (or hymns) at the University Sermon in St. Mary's Church. The performances by the University Musical Society, the University Musical Club, the Opera, the Greek Play, the University Madrigal Society, and the College Musical Societies, are all unofficial. The performers are almost entirely *amateurs, who rehearse and perform in their spare time*. Only a tiny fraction of these hundreds of performers intend to be professional musicians. "Academic musical training" consists of *written* music, i.e., the study of acoustics, counterpoint, harmony, fugue, etc., composition, and history of music, or score-reading on the pianoforte under the supervision of a lecturer—all for the Bachelor of Music degree. We have nothing in college or university that corresponds to a conservatoire or to the Royal Academy or Royal College of Music in London.

If Mr. W. J. Turner is not thinking of performances "undertaken by the College Musical Societies" (and the like), nor of those by "visiting musicians," of what is he thinking?

CYRIL B. ROOTHAM

## "WORLD UNION"

SIR,—At a time when we are all prepared to welcome any movement having world peace for its ideal, and especially one which exists largely to promote a friendly understanding among the youth of different nations, may I be allowed to draw your attention to an international club with which, in view of its comparative newness, many of your readers may not yet be acquainted, but which will, no doubt, interest them. This is the Weltklub, or "Welt-Union," which has its central office at 35 and 36 Luneburgerstrasse, Magdeburg, and which was founded some three or four years ago by its President, Herr Johannes Clasen.

The club is open to everybody, without regard to age, sex, nationality or profession: these particulars, however, together with the languages known and the subjects of greatest interest, usually being indicated beside the name of each member in the official list. The club appeals particularly to university and school students and language teachers; it gives anybody of whatever walk of life opportunity for acquiring congenial and valuable friendships in any country abroad. It augments the language lessons of the schoolroom with living and personal practice, and runs an "exchange-visit service."

There are at the moment somewhat over 800 members, 34 lands being represented.

I would not trespass further on your space, except to express the hope that any readers who feel sufficiently interested, and who have the time to spare, should write personally to Herr Clasen for fuller particulars of this embryo "World Union."

The Lawn, S. A. COOPER

Lincoln. (formerly Weltklub Consul for Cannes, Fr.)

# Miscellany

## THE OLD QUEEN

THE personality of the old Swazi queen—she who had wiped out the Masutes—was like a dark spirit pervading the place. The "Great She-Elephant," as she was called. To me, as "Pungwan" (my Swazi name) came an invitation from her: it was to watch the inducting of the new Impi. Every year the old Impi, or native regiment, is disbanded, and a new body of warriors "blooded." They are required to kill a buli with their naked hands . . . somewhy, I politely declined.

This Regent, then ruling for her grandson, a junior, was the last of the strong native rulers of Swaziland. Though she was only *Inkosikaas* (queen) the title given her was *Inkos*—king!

She was as clever as a barrister. Her education had been that intensive one—the exercise of despotic royalty.

Elephantine in figure, she was sudden, silent, forceful in her actions, as befitted the ruler of a troublesome people.

A bearded ruffian was my cook. His appearance was the more sinister owing to a deep gash on his forehead, into which he could put two fingers.

"How did you get that?" I asked him.

"*She* gave it me," he replied in a hoarse voice. "The great She-Elephant."

"Why?"

"She said I had stolen one of her heifers. I had not. She would not believe it. She killed me!"

"How was it done?"

"Her indunas called me out of my hut. As I crept out, one did this to me with his axe. But I came to life again."

"And she let you live?"

"Of course! Now she knew I was innocent. She could not kill me again."

The English had robbed the queen of much of her power, but with one of her prerogatives they had not interfered. She still held the Rain-Medicine for all South Africa: the rains came or were withheld at her will. This the natives believed without question.

My lieutenant, walking in to Embabane, feared a wetting. The sky threatened. Should he put it off? He saw the old queen with her women, near her kraal, and made over to her. He was a favourite, so drew near and asked, "Shall I get there dry? It looks bad!"

She shrugged her great shoulders.

"But you ought to know!" he urged. "Can you get me there dry?"

She laughed good-naturedly, looked up at the sky and down on the ground, muttering something, then:

"Go quickly!" she said, "and you shall be dry!" Then turned and left him.

He took her word for it, and hastened.

Just as he reached the stores in Embabane, five or six miles away, the rain began. It poured for an hour or two after he reached cover.

I myself only rarely came across the old dowager, though she knew all about me.

There had been no rain for quite a time. The people said she was wroth with the Government.

I met her, accompanied by women and indunas, and chaffed her about it.

"Won't you give us some rain?" I asked. "We can't work the tin!"

I had rarely seen her; but never had she looked more sinister. Perhaps she was in a bad temper. In her bloodshot eyes, with yellow whites, there seemed to lurk a malevolent fire. Her masses of dark flesh gave her an unwomanly look of power.

She shot a glance at me that I could not understand.

"You hold the cattle-pastures of the kings!" she said in Swazi.

"Not I," I returned in English, "but others." (No doubt she understood.)

"*Wena funa cum-cum?*" (You want rain?) she inquired.

"*Ya!*" I replied.

"*Lungile!*" (Very well), she said, ambiguously. (Assent, or sinister irony?) Her stale smile failed to make that gross face pleasant.

Now, at this time white ants had become an increasing torment to me. They had got into the thatch of the roof. Straw and straw-dust fell into the food, on to the bed, on to our heads. It was unendurable.

I elected to try a solution of Cooper's Dip, and, for the purpose, borrowed a syringe from the Government, with which to attack the trouble. Determined it should be done thoroughly, with my own hands I squirted the thatch full of poison, until the hut steamed and reeked with the yellow liquid.

Suddenly the closed door was thrown open from without and my lieutenant's voice broke in on me:

"Whatever—?" then, "Look! *Look outside!*"

I looked out—on to a steady, heavy downpour. Fast and thick the soft rain was falling. The drought had suddenly broken. We were in for the biggest deluge in twenty years. "*Lungile!*" The rain *had* come!

Because of it, the hut could never be dried, in spite of fires piled up on the floor. Everything went green-mouldy with the poison.

There was a quality in this downpour that filled one with foreboding. Sure enough, it was to alter everything. Day and night it poured, week in, week out. Through the whispering murmur of the rain came the distant thunder of greater waters. The rivers rose till they burst their banks. Boat and wire were torn away. Natives fled to their kraals and shut themselves in, declaring this to be the finishing act of the old queen's wrath.

"First no rain at all. *Then this!*"

The whole place was paralysed.

When, at last, an oppressive sun boiled up the mists from the slimy pastures, a worse thing befell. A tremendous outbreak of malaria. They were dying of it in every kraal. It was pitiful to see the sick children sunning themselves in vain, shaking with ague.

FRANK PENN-SMITH

# MUSIC FOR BALLET

ALMOST everybody possesses a visual as well as an aural sense, and it is difficult to determine the proportion of the enjoyment of ballet in any audience. But what one sees is as much dependent upon the mind as what one hears, and I should be surprised if the average person who enjoys seeing ballet sees any more discriminatingly than the average concert-goer hears. As for reaching that stage where there is a high degree of correspondence between eye and ear, it is, I believe, only achieved by a minority, and a rather small minority at that.

We have an unusual opportunity of testing ourselves just now when there are no less than three ballet companies performing in London, namely the "Ballets 1933" and the Serge Lifar ballets, both at the Savoy, giving alternate performances, and the Ballets Russes from Monte Carlo at the Alhambra. As it happens there are two new ballets among the repertoires of these companies which offer examples of correlation of eye and ear which may provide an admirable object lesson. I refer to the *Prometheus* ballet whose choreography is designed by Serge Lifar to Beethoven's music at the Savoy and to *Les Presages*, a ballet designed by Leonid Massine to the music of Tchaikovsky.

Unfortunately, I cannot personally recommend anyone to go to see the *Prometheus* ballet, because I enjoy neither Serge Lifar's athletic but inexpressive dancing nor his choreography. There are versions of the Prometheus myth which depict Prometheus as a vain and foolish egoist who thought that he was as good as a god and could create like a god, but who showed by his lifeless productions that he had no conception of godhead and no capacity to create. This is the version which has apparently appealed to M. Serge Lifar, for he has chosen that conception which represents Prometheus as the incarnation of empty egoism, wholly uninterested in the doll-like figures he has produced, but simply assuming that because he has produced them they are of extraordinary interest and merit and cannot fail therefore to impress Jupiter and make him realise that he, Jupiter, is only an inferior Prometheus. One must admit that M. Lifar has translated

this conception into the ballet form with extraordinary success. He has faithfully represented Prometheus as the most boring nonentity prancing about in muscular abandon with nothing in his head and two lifeless doll-like figures under his hand whom he treats with utter disdain. But he has gone one better than this version of the myth (a version which is of an incredible feebleness as if it had originally been a satire, but through a decline in wit the butt had been turned into a hero) by allowing the figure of the god to be even less living and less endowed with sense than Prometheus himself. The god does nothing throughout the ballet, and the struggle of Prometheus cannot be even described as a struggle of half-wits because both protagonists are equally and entirely witless. In a sense this is a triumph of choreography of which M. Lifar may well be proud; it has, however, no formal, no choreographic relation with Beethoven's music beyond the fact that the music and the dancing take place simultaneously—if we do not insist on giving too precise a meaning to simultaneous.

If we go from *Prometheus* at the Savoy to *Les Presages* (" Destiny ") at the Alhambra we shall find a startling contrast. Mr. Massine has devised a choreography to Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony which is an absolute *tour-de-force* considered as a correlation of music and dance. In the first place, rhythm has an exact meaning for Massine, and both principal and *corps de ballet* carry out their rhythmic manoeuvres and gestures with a precision as pleasing as it is rare, in which they are assisted by a good orchestra and a good conductor, Mr. Efraim Kurtz. But quite apart from the admirable technique of the Ballet Russe under its ballet master, Leonid Massine, there is the astonishing correlation between the choreography and Tchaikovsky's music. I recommend music lovers who are rather bored nowadays by Tchaikovsky's music to go and see this ballet, and I am certain that however jaded they are they will get a thrill by *seeing* as well as hearing Tchaikovsky's musical ideas. Of course, it must be admitted that Tchaikovsky's musical ideas in this symphony are simple, clear-cut and dramatic, which means that it is easier to find their choreographic counterpart than it would be in the case of more abstract or subtle music; nevertheless, I am inclined to believe that there are no musical ideas to which it would be impossible to find a true visual counterpart.

The art of ballet has always interested me, and I think it is in its infancy still. The enormous advance made by Diaghilev was the freeing of ballet from the conventions which had crystallised and put an end to its powers of visual expression. He showed that ballet could be expressive, could, in other words, be an illuminating art in which human thought and emotion could find a plastic visual form. I believe there is a very close relation between visual and musical forms and that a choreographer of genius could succeed in relating them harmoniously in such a way as to throw as much light upon the music and as much help to its enjoyment as producers and actors can do in the case of drama. In fact, ballet is only a form of opera, and there is a close connection between opera and drama. We may read the plays of Shakespeare and Molière, for example, with what we may think is complete understanding and enjoyment; but if we see them well acted and well produced we certainly get something we cannot get merely by reading or, at least, we shall have to consider them as aids to reading. Even the most powerful imaginations desire the concrete realisation of their imaginings; indeed, one might go so far as to say that it is a sign of a strong imagination to be able to visualise clearly this concrete appearance of what it imagines. But for the audience this will always be an illumination and an additional pleasure. The creator may always leave certain things undefined; this is a part of his art, and not the least part; but the pleasure of the interpreter derives largely from his attempt to define what is left undefined. This is certainly true of all art which offers itself to interpretations, such as music and the drama. And I am not so sure that even in the most abstract painting there may not be a very close relation with the most abstract music.

W. J. TURNER

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### The Mexican Revue

The Mexican Revue at the Strand Theatre is one of the best exotic shows we remember seeing. The Mexicans themselves, their dancing, singing, and the woven backcloths are all interesting; with the exception of one admirable tango and a positively electric rumba, the dancing, rather Indian than Spanish, is primitive and monotonous, but the singing is definitely good. Lupe Rivas Cacho singing a song about a pig was adorable. Her plumpness, her lightness, her beatific air of self-satisfaction win the heart at once, but it is as an actress in the little sketches that she shows her greatest talents. These little scenes reduced Spanish members of the audience to hysteria, but they were so perfectly acted that those of us who could not understand Spanish did not feel that we were losing a word. One or two ghastly old drunks, man and woman, run in before a magistrate, were strangely reminiscent of Synge's ruthless humour. It was absolutely horrible, yet excruciatingly funny. The Mexican porters and the bandits were lighter and showed a gift for the comic, which is the most surprising thing about this show. The two English members of the company, the compère, Mr. Gillie Potter, and the live horse from whose back Ruben de Lorêna delivers a serenade, are each in their way unnecessary. But on this occasion the biped was the nobler animal and made at least three good jokes. There was nothing whatever to be said for Rosinante.

## THE COMING WEEK

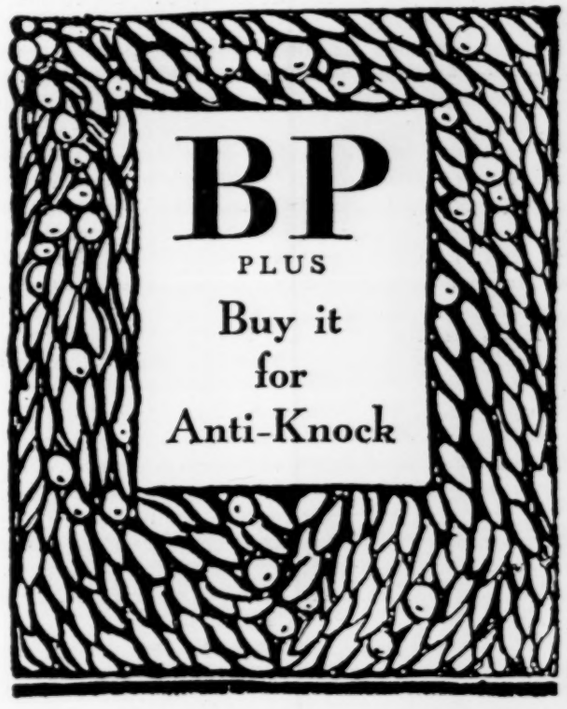
FRIDAY, July 14th—
Cricket, Eton *v.* Harrow, Lord's.

SATURDAY, July 15th—
Opening of Burne-Jones Centenary Exhibition, Tate Gallery.
Summer School for Training of Wireless Group Leaders, Hertford College, Oxford, July 15th to 22nd.
League of Arts Entertainment, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, July 16th—
" Progress in Religion," by C. Delisle Burns, Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, July 17th—
Dolmetsch Festival of Chamber Music, Haslemere, July 17th to 29th.
" Lovers' Leap," Embassy.
" National Health Insurance," by Rt. Hon. D. Lloyd George, B.B.C., 9.10.

TUESDAY, July 18th—
Advertising Convention, Olympia, July 18th to 22nd.
" The Muslim Point of View," by Prof. Shafaat Ahmed Khan, Friends House, 1.20.
" Eugenics and Consanguineous Marriages," by A. M. Ludovici, Burlington House, 5.30.



# Current Literature

## BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE feeling of being in love is not very difficult to convey since everybody thinks that he knows what it is like, and in this, as in so many cases, the reader does the author's work for him. The really difficult thing is to describe the object of one's passions so that they appear not only intelligible, but natural and inevitable. Moreover, if one is in love it becomes very difficult to write about the object at all—and for these reasons it is very hard for me to write this page. Just a year ago I was sent *Fanny Kemble* by Dorothie De Bear Bobbé (Elkin Matthews and Marrot, 18*s*.), but instead of reviewing it I got Fanny's *Records of a Girlhood* and *Records of Later Life* out of the London Library, and while reading the six volumes fell desperately in love with their author. For eight days, while I was crossing the Atlantic, Fanny was the only woman in my life. She had died at the age of eighty-four when I was seven months old, but the breath of her spirit lived in her books, and it was far more real to me than the poor ghosts who pushed wooden discs about the deck. And now *Fanny Kemble*, by Leota S. Driver, published by the University of North Carolina Press (Oxford, 17*s*.), comes to give my heart a jolt. Once again I went to St. James's Square and Mr. Mainwaring gave me *Records of a Girlhood* and the two volumes of *Further Records*, and once again I am Fanny's slave.

* * *

The principal facts of her life are that she was the daughter of Charles Kemble, and therefore a niece of Mrs. Siddons, and that in 1829, on one of the periodic occasions when the family white elephant of Covent Garden was bankrupting her father, she came forward and saved the family fortunes by playing Juliet better than Juliet has ever been played before or since, becoming at nineteen one of the most famous actresses overnight. Yet all her life she genuinely disliked acting and she was always unreliable upon the stage. From London she made triumphant visits to Edinburgh and to Dublin and was given a ride on the *Rocket* by Stephenson.

> This snorting little animal, which I felt rather inclined to pat, was then harnessed to our carriage and Mr. Stephenson having taken me onto the bench of the engine with him, we started about ten miles an hour. . . . Now for a word or two about the master of these marvels with whom I am horribly in love. . . . He has certainly turned my head.

Three years later she set out with her father on a money-making tour of America and, after playing in all the big cities, made a disastrous marriage with a Southern gentleman called Pierce Butler. After some years in the North, Mr. Butler took her and her two little girls to live on Butler's Island, which lies, surrounded by alligators, at the mouth of a river in Georgia. Fanny found the conditions of life unendurable and at once took the side of the slaves against her husband and his overseers. It seemed, for example, abominable that Mr. Butler should separate the young negro Joe from his wife Psyche and his children, by giving him away in a whimsical moment. And it was her feelings upon slavery as much as anything else which led to her final separation from her husband. Years later, during the Civil War, she was largely responsible for swinging English public opinion to the side of the North. Her great passion was Shakespeare, and, after her divorce, she gave readings of Shakespeare all over the country. These became an institution in Victorian England and were usually crowded—though not always. For she would only read Shakespeare upon condition that she read him all, one play after another in rotation. Her audiences fought to get into *The Merchant of Venice*, but stayed away from *Troilus and Cressida*.

* * *

These things are irrelevant: they do not explain in the least why one should fall in love with her, and if I say that she had eyes like large black bumble-bees, the warmth of a garden scented with Brompton stocks and the impulsive vitality of a windy day—that she was full of character and energy and humour and had not a trace of the passive female acquiescence I hate, you'll be no nearer to seeing her as I do. Miss De Bear Bobbé, or Miss Driver, can tell you that sort of thing, though their books serve a more useful purpose since they give one the facts about her which cannot be pieced together from her writings. Thus in *Further Records* I do not think she ever refers to her husband by name. Her pride prevented her. She had married an ignorant, violent-tempered man who demanded absolute subordination. The incident of the horse Forester furnishes a clue to their relations. Fanny was passionately fond of riding and she looked forward to it on the farm in Philadelphia as her chief pleasure. So when Mr. Butler said he would not buy her a horse, she wrote an article on Tennyson for *The Knickerbocker* and bought Forester with the proceeds. Mr. Butler took him to a livery stables and sold him. Fanny replied by publishing a volume of poems and buying him back. And when she began a translation of Dumas, Mr. Butler told her that all her earnings were legally his property.

* * *

But read Fanny herself if you want a picture of her, and also because she is a fascinating writer.

> The charm and seduction of bright water has always been irresistible to me, a snare and a temptation I have hardly ever been able to withstand and various are the chances of drowning it has afforded me in the wild mountain brooks of Massachusetts. . . . A pool in a rocky basin, with foaming water dashing in and out of it was a sort of trap for me and I have more than once availed myself of such a shower-bath without any further preparation than taking my hat and shoes and stockings off. Once on a visit to the Catskills, during a charming summer walk with my dear friend Catharine Sedgwick, I walked into the brook we were coasting and sat down in the water without at all interrupting the thread of our conversation; a proceeding which of course obliged me to return to the hotel dripping wet. . . . On another occasion, coming over the Wengern Alps from Grindelwald one sultry summer day . . . an exquisite stream springs into the Lutschine and into this I walked straight, to the consternation of my dear companion, a singularly dignified little American lady of Quaker descent and decorum who was quite at a loss to conceive how, after such an exploit, I was to present myself to the inhabitants and tourists in the little street and its swarming hotels; but, as I represented to her, nothing could be easier: "I shall get on my mule and ride sprinkling along and people will only say: "Ah cette pauvre dame! qui est tombeé a l'eau!"

* * *

Her diary is full of good stories, for she had a love of character and sense of humour.

> One of the ladies, going out one day, called back to the servant: "Tell the cook not to forget the sally-luns for tea, well greased on both sides and we'll put on our cotton gowns to eat them."

Her more serious reflections are just as full of vigour.

> In England alone is the pervading atmosphere of respectability that which artists breathe in common with all other men—respectability that English moral climate, with its neutral tint and temperate tone so often sneered at in these days by its new German name of Philistinism and often deserving of the bitterest scorn in some of its inexpressibly mean manifestations—respectability, the preeminently unattractive characteristic of British existence but which . . . .; a wholesome and preserving element in the lives of many; a tremendous power of omnipotent compression, repression and oppression, no doubt quite consistent with the stern liberty on which the inhabitants of these islands pride themselves. . . .

So she rages and rambles in a sentence covering an entire page.

* * *

Switzerland, Mayfair, Philadelphia—and then the passion for mountains drew her back to Switzerland again. In old age she was fat—she speaks of fourteen stone—and deaf, but she had herself carried up the mountains when she was nearly eighty and she poured out her contempt for the india-rubber ear-trumpet to her visitors. Her daughters had married long before, and that charming American novelist Owen Wister was her grandson. To-morrow *Records of Girlhood* goes back to St. James's Square, and before this is printed my heart will be at peace.

DAVID GARNETT

## A VERY ENGLISH CENTENARY

**The Oxford Movement.** By J. LEWIS MAY. *Lane.* 10s. 6d.

**The Eucharistic Doctrine of the Oxford Movement.** By CANON MACKEAN. *Putnam.* 6s.

**The Tractarian Movement 1833 - 1845.** By BISHOP E. A. KNOX. *Putnam.* 10s. 6d.

**John Keble.** By KENNETH INGRAM. *Allan.* 6s.

**Pusey.** By LEONARD PRESTIGE. *Allan.* 6s.

**John Henry Newman.** By DR. F. L. CROSS. *Allan.* 6s.

**Cardinal Newman and Oxford.** By J. M. FLOOD. *Nicholson and Watson.* 10s. 6d.

**Tract 90.** Edited by D. W. EVANS. *Constable.* 6s.

**Oxford Apostles.** By GEOFFREY FABER. *Faber and Faber.* 15s.

**The Light That Failed.** By V. H. HARDWICK. *Blackwell.* 1s.

Mr. Balfour describes in his memoirs a visit paid to Mr. Gladstone in 1896. "A unitarian minister," he writes, "is about to come for the purpose of studying the Oxford Movement. When I suggested that perhaps enough had been written on that not illimitable subject, the old man would not have it at any price."

So far the Old Man has had the advantage over his successor at the Treasury. For the centenary of the famous Assize Sermon has been marked by a spate of literature on the Oxford Movement, and a selection of these works may be seen at the head of this column. Only one of them, that by Mr. Lewis May, professes to be a history of the movement, and it is not a very good one. Mr. May has a first-rate knowledge of Newman's writings, and this knowledge makes his book readable. But a history of the movement can hardly be reckoned satisfactory which makes no reference to Alexander Knox, but one to Bishop Jebb, and refers to Wesley only as a disrupter of the Church, never as a Sacramentarian. This gets the background wrong. The Oxford Movement was based to a large extent on a very partial reading of eighteenth century Church history, as Canon MacKean points out in his excellent monograph on *The Eucharistic Doctrine of the Oxford Movement*. But it is not the province of the historian to perpetuate an error. And why once more quote Manning's account of Gladstone's refusal to sign the protest against the Gorham judgment, without mentioning Gladstone's total denial of the whole story, as soon as he saw it in print? Mr. May seems to think that the publication of the Christian Year was almost a miracle. Other people may think the same of the Assize Sermon. Others again may think they were both *ben trovato* and little more. For the High Church theory lay in germ all through the eighteenth century, and it only needed the proper climate to make it blossom. The Romantic Movement provided that climate Newman himself always gave full credit to Sir Walter Scott, Southey and Coleridge for effecting the requisite atmosphere; and the chief merit of Bishop Knox's rather spiteful volume lies in the fact that he takes the Oxford Movement out of the Oriel Common Room and makes it part of the general European movement, paralleled even in the theological sphere by such men as Ozanam, Lacordaire and Lamennais. The Oxford leaders have been criticised, not unjustly, for being provincial. But that is no reason why their hagiographers should make the same mistake. Bishop Knox, being an evangelical, can add to the readableness of his study by taking up the cudgels for the enemies of the movement, who generally meet with very short shrift from historians.

Short lives of Keble, Pusey and Newman have already appeared in what is to be a biographical library of the leading tractarians. Mr. Ingram, in his life of Keble, spreads himself over the Assize Sermon (misspelling the Assize judge, Baron Gurney, in the process). In so doing he contradicts by implication other contributors to the Series, and is probably misleading. Newman in a famous passage has said that he always kept this anniversary as the start of the movement. But the brutal fact is that Newman fresh home from Sicily, in tearing spirits and spoiling for a fight, seized on the Sermon as a jumping-off ground. Another occasion would have done as well. Thus, almost by accident, the Assize Sermon has helped to swell the giant's robe in which Keble is enveloped, and he has found himself in a titular position for which he was not intended by nature. Thoroughly well crammed by his father, he passed all his examinations marvellously, retired to a country parish for the rest of his life and produced a volume of pietistic verse which appealed to everyone who admired Wordsworth for the wrong reasons. What a marvellous example! What Christian abnegation! The greatest poet in England reverting to the example not of Herrick but of Herbert! More cynical students may think that his retirement was a sign of that laziness which often seizes, in adult life, on overworked schoolboys; and the effect produced by this retirement is unintelligible unless we remember that he appeared to a vast number of readers, frequently female and of dissenting origin, as the greatest poet of his time. Reading between the lines, we can see that Newman and Hurrell Froude, who prided themselves on their knowledge of poetry, were considerably less impressed. Still, however motivated, the retirement was of the utmost consequence to the movement. Newman produced the genius and romance, Pusey the apparatus and pedantry of scholarship, Keble the life of humble service, which is no small part of the Christian ideal. By his action he raised in public estimation the whole position of the country parson. The work was well worth doing, and his name is still sweet to us in consequence.

The great Dr. Pusey is another man who has not quite stood the test of time. Lacunae have been found in the learning of this monstrous polymath. Canon MacKean points out that his whole attitude to the Fathers was uncritical, that he had read very little of our seventeenth-century divines, and that he perverted the Anglican doctrine of the Eucharist without meaning to do so. These are grave charges against a man whose encyclopaedic knowledge was his great stock-in-trade. At the time Pusey's deficiencies were of no importance. As Regius Professor of Hebrew he had an assured position and an endless reputation. But, later, the scholarship of the movement suffered with its chief exponent.

Mr. Prestige, in a pious volume, tries to turn his pugnacious subject into a hunted hare, and occasionally becomes disingenuous in the process. "Pusey hated controversy," he writes: "The new Bishop (Wilberforce) was convinced that Pusey was leading people to Rome and promptly wrote even before he was enthroned accusing Pusey of dangerous self-will and disloyalty to the Church of England." You would never deduce from this that Wilberforce's letter was itself a reply to a gratuitous and patronising communication from Pusey, calculated, by its style, to exasperate to its acutest point a man of the Bishop's peculiar temperament. There was much divine humility, but also more than a dash of

DESMOND HARMSWORTH

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"Sometimes a book which one designs to review excites one's enthusiasm from the word "Go!" and is pursued through every syllable with a private and personal delight that has nothing merely professional in it. Such a book, ..... is *Frost in May* ..... She has written a striking, compelling and fascinating book."

GERALD GOULD, *Observer.*

44, GREAT RUSSELL ST., W.C.1

earthly conceit about Pusey. He was certainly a man of poor judgment, as may be seen from his grotesque attempt to arrange, *via* the French episcopate, a concordat with Rome at the time of the Vatican Council. He was always a king in Oxford. But that throne does not suit one for world governance. Newman in Birmingham, and Keble in Hursley, were both more men of the world than the august Professor Pusey. "If Newman had never lived," wrote Strachey, "who can doubt that the Oxford Movement would have flickered out its flame in the common room of Oriel?" This saying has been controverted and from the theological standpoint is controvertible. Even without Newman the church would have gone higher. Hugh James Rose would have seen to that in the majestic college of Sir Isaac Newton. Still only the minority interested in Anglican theology would have noticed the change, and the library of volumes commemorating this centenary would have been a quarter the size. Newman, the one genius the movement produced, made the movement an English concern. He had an unrivalled gift for interesting people in the state of their souls. Unhappy victims of the artistic temperament responded to his wailing antithesis. To Nonconformists he brought that beauty of the imagination for which they were unconsciously hungry. Agnostics welcomed the brother sceptic, the student of Hume and Gibbon, and still quote his more rhetorical outbursts with a wholehearted enthusiasm from which good churchmen shrink. Even to-day those who rarely go to church, and still more rarely to Oxford, are almost able to repeat the *Credo in Newmannum*.

*Cardinal Newman and Oxford*, though it adds nothing new to the subject, collects what is already known into an agreeable compass. Certainly Newman, by the immense variety of his gifts, as tutor, preacher, writer, conversationalist, fiddler, wine-taster and man of business, rapidly became the leading figure in a society which lends itself to leadership. Yet this very leadership, by exasperating the Philistines, led to his undoing. Archbishop Temple, who by no means escaped the influence of Newman, gives in a letter, never quoted by historians of the movement, an amusing picture of callow undergraduates aping Newman's mannerisms as they walked across the quadrangle—proceeding with short swift steps, head slightly on one side, and uttering rapid sentences, divided from each other by long pauses. Nothing is more irritating than idolatry thus expressed. And even to-day we are in danger of sentimentalising Newman, a danger Strachey certainly did not escape. It is to the credit of Mr. Cross that, in what is rather a study than a life of Newman, he does not sentimentalise his theme, but insists on what he calls the *ressentiment* and self pity of a "man of distinction"; and he has a good chapter on Newman's philosophy and on *Tract* 90 itself. In some ways Mr. A. W. Evans' republication of the tract in its original form, with a very good clear introduction, has performed as useful a service as any writer who appears on our list. The tract is not easily come by, and it is the critical document in the history both of Newman and the movement itself. The intelligent reader will now be able to form his own opinion as to the propriety of the anger caused by the tract and with what justice Newman may be accused of quibbling. It will probably be agreed that on the main issue Newman had right on his side; that the Articles should in fact be interpreted as legal documents and in no other way: and that the Reformers threw their net as wide as they could. However, for reasons suggested by Canon MacKean, Newman gets into considerable difficulty with Article XXVIII, particularly when read in conjunction with the explanation appended to the Communion Service, which ends with the words "and the natural body and blood of our Saviour Christ are in heaven and not here, it being against the truth of Christ's natural body to be at one time in more places than one." The efforts of Newman to prove that "not here" really means "here," are to my mind, unconvincing and leave the author open to the charge of quibbling. For it is difficult to avoid the feeling that the authors of the Articles wished to make a statement, not an extreme one about the Mass, if about nothing else, and succeeded on the whole in doing what they intended. Certain sections of thought have always sought to get rid of this truth, but in the opinion of most outsiders without success; the fact is somehow implicit in English history.

Mr. Faber, armed with psycho-analysis and all the modern panoply, has written a work of a different class to any of the other biographies, because he approaches the subject of Newman and his friends quite objectively and without any apparent ecclesiastical bias. The result is a brilliant, though occasionally an exasperating, study; and one wishes that he could restrain himself from continually girding at Strachey, especially as his own book, not only in tone but even in phrasing, could never have existed had Strachey not written. Mr. Faber pushes psycho-analysis rather too far. For instance, he analyses in great detail an obviously very important dream of Newman's in Sicily and gets admirable results. But one feels that Mr. Faber's elucidations are based on his pre-existent theory of Newman's character, rather than the character on the elucidations; and that it is impossible to be sure of results when the victim is not there to be analysed. Still, this is the only one of the biographies likely to be profitable to the general reader. His survey of Newman, though often severe, is just. He was right, probably, in seeing in Newman not the gentle artist *manqué* of Strachey but the ambitious and industrious leader of men, sometimes unscrupulous in the use of his personal charm, never so dangerous as when recovering from a collapse, and an inventor of intellectual explanations for psychological states. Mr. Faber insists that Newman went over to Rome because he wanted to, that the delay was due only to the need of psychological readjustment, that all the reasons given in the *Apologia* are mere rationalisations. Mr. Faber may overstate his case, but he argues it very firmly. His view of the personal relations of the Oxford leaders to each other and of their opinions on virginity and friendship may well cause offence; but, all criticism made, this study carries with it an air of reality and conviction rare in ecclesiastical biography.

Finally, the feline Vicar of Partington shoots a Parthian arrow into the ranks of Oxford. The Church of England, he says, is liberal. Newman saw this, and went. Inferior intellects would not admit this truth, and brightened up the Services instead. The Church of England was saved by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council against which the whole Church spent its time protesting. "Depend upon it," wrote Dr. Newman in the style that renders him so popular with atheists, "the strength of any party lies in its being true to its theory. Consistency is the life of a movement." Mr. Hardwicke agrees. Yet this truth, though pleasant, is doubtful. It was of doubtful utility to Newman. The Church has succeeded in refusing to have a theory as to whether it has a theory or not. Thus Evangelicals and Anglo-Catholics can go on side by side like parallel straight lines which never meet, till the Church has become like bawdy talk, something in which everybody can join. The Evangelicals can never leave the Church, while the Anglo-Catholics, free to do what they like after the rejection of the Revised Prayer Book, will not easily abandon all that the Establishment has to offer them, wives, if desired, and left-wing politics, the higher criticism in the library and the latest "morbid" novels on the drawing-room table. Above all, perhaps a rational relationship with the laity. The Anglo-Catholic, like the British working man, "loves his liberty." The Church of England may be no comfortable place of sojourn for saints like Newman or intellectuals like Mr. Hardwicke; but it suits the English perfectly, because it is, like the Oxford men, inconsistent with its theory. Mr. Hardwicke laments the decay of the Church; yet, though it may have declined since the boom years of Bishop Wilberforce, it has but few enemies to-day, and is far stronger than it was in 1833. And yet how many volumes will celebrate the bicentenary of the Oxford Movement? Perhaps Mr. Hardwicke is right to be anxious. FRANCIS BIRRELL

## THE MOSCOW TRIAL

**Wrecking Activities at Power Stations in the Soviet Union.** Heard before the Special Session of the Supreme Court of the U.S.S.R. in Moscow, April 12th to 19th, 1933. Translation of the Official Verbatim Report. *Allen and Unwin.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

In much of their propaganda the Soviet authorities are slow-witted and unintelligent. But they did a good stroke of business when they had the verbatim report of the Moscow Trial translated into English within a few days of the conclusion of the case and sent out to Government offices in all parts of the world and to the leading English newspapers. To British statesmen and British editors with sufficient mastery of their emotions to read carefully those three volumes of question and answer the report must have come like a cold douche after the night before.

A few days ago I asked one of the most eminent lawyers in England, a man almost as anti-Bolshevik in his outlook as Mr. Churchill, what he thought of the verbatim report. He replied at once that it bore all the marks of authenticity. The *Times* sought to discredit it by publishing the discovery that a sentence

had been omitted from the eight hours' speech of Vishinsky, the Soviet Public Prosecutor. The sentence was that in which Vishinsky, in a tone of bitter contempt, told Thornton that he could be of no further use to Soviet Russia except to manure (or, as some persons more daintily translated the Russian verb, to fertilise) the soil. The expression, though it seemed to reflect accurately enough the mood of the Soviet audience in Court, gave great offence in England and inspired many solemn editorial rebukes. I have since learnt that the editors deleted the passage in order not to give further offence. All they succeeded in doing was to throw momentarily in doubt the fairness and objectivity of the record as a whole. In fact, its accuracy has not been seriously challenged. On its technical side the work could not have been done better by official shorthand writers in this country. As a genuine Court document it speaks for itself.

Glancing again through the evidence, some of which I now know almost by heart, I have nothing but admiration for the skilled exactitude with which my own interpreter carried out her responsible task. Other newspaper men, whether they spoke Russian or not, had also engaged competent interpreters. If a word or a phrase was in doubt we compared notes; and I have not been able to find a single instance in which the official text differs in a material word from our unofficial translations on the spot.

The official record stands, therefore, in indisputable authority. Apart from the milk-and-watery comment in the *Times*, I have seen no mention of it in the British press. This is not surprising. Any newspaper editor, reading the evidence, and remembering the crude editorial insults hurled at the Soviet Court when the trial was in progress and when the emotional tempest in this country was at its height, must now be feeling slightly ridiculous and glad enough to banish for ever the memory of that lunatic week. The more scandalous of the epithets used in the press or on the platform were cabled out to Moscow; and I spent a good deal of time trying to justify or explain them to astounded foreigners.

But it was a humiliating experience for an Englishman. I knew, what the verbatim report clearly demonstrates, that in an unusually provocative situation the trial was being conducted as fairly as any similar trial could be conducted in any country in the world and with deliberate restraint; that the case on the Court files was *prima facie* one of substance, and was not to be answered merely by hysterical denunciations of the Ogpu or by the foolish, if impassioned, declarations of British statesmen that in no conceivable circumstances could Englishmen be guilty of offences against the Soviet criminal code.

Any objection that may be made to the procedure in Court must apply to almost any court of justice in Europe. In England we prefer on the whole to let a guilty person escape rather than run the risk of condemning an innocent person. In the continental practice much greater latitude is allowed the prosecution in the methods of proving guilt. In England "what the soldier said" is not evidence; in Soviet Russia, as elsewhere, A may relate in evidence what he heard B say to C about D.

I am inclined to think there is something to be said for the Soviet practice of confronting a prisoner openly and directly in Court with the witness who is testifying against him. If it puts the prisoner on his mettle, it is a challenge, too, to the witness. If it may be an embarrassment to the guilty, it should give a resolute prisoner, conscious of innocence, an excellent opportunity to refute a false or unreliable witness. This was shown most effectively at the Moscow trial when the Welsh engineer, Gregory, stood up and gave the lie defiantly and in detail to Zivert's allegations that he had deliberately delayed the installation of electric switches at the Dnieprostroy Power Station. The President allowed Gregory at his own indignant request to intervene—an action that would have been impossible in an English court—and the judges were obviously so much impressed with the Welshman's triumphant retort, that nobody afterwards believed he would be sentenced.

What surprised me most in the hearing of the case was not any peculiarity of procedure, but (1) the fact that the British prisoners did not insist on speaking in English and on having all the evidence translated into English, and (2) the fact that only one independent witness was required to testify, all other evidence being given by the prisoners themselves.

It was clear from the names mentioned in Court and in the indictment that other persons could have been called for the prosecution. Why were they not called? And why did not the defence call in aid, for instance, some of the Metro-Vickers


# All very amusing!

One morning paper says: "We've reached the two million mark, but we're rather sorry about it really. Look what it has cost! Is it worth it? We're all for dropping this mad competition, but the others won't let us!"

Simultaneously another says: "We've got there! It's been hard work, but you've done it, comrades, you've done it, and we're proud of you and our great paper."

Whilst a third, apparently regarding the four million readers of the other two as ghosts, certifies that it has so many "real" readers.

All very amusing and a good send-off for the press silly season. But it has set the great minds of the Goss brothers working furiously. What about their "net sales"? Have they the largest "net-suit-sales" in the City? And then there's the problem of Goss's suits being "returnable"; but perhaps they need not bother about that side of the question.

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employees named by Thornton as members of the espionage group in the document which afterwards he repudiated?

That document, though admitting only espionage, caused even more injury to British prestige abroad than Macdonald's plea of guilty upon all the charges. It was certainly an amazing thing that an innocent man should have written with his own hand a detailed confession directly incriminating many of his own colleagues in an offence punishable by death. Thornton's explanation to the Court was that he had lost his courage, that he was reduced to such a condition as to be ready to admit anything, that he was frightened. Asked by the President why he was frightened, he said he did not know. I recommend all this part of the evidence to the close attention of the curious reader; it is of deep psychological interest. And it brings us at once to the notorious methods employed by the Soviet secret police for extorting confessions from arrested persons. The British engineers seem to have been treated by their interrogators with unusual moderation. The only complaint made at the trial by Thornton and Monkhouse was that they were questioned at undue length; and they were the only prisoners to make any complaint. But that is not the whole story. Both Thornton and Monkhouse had been long resident in Russia. They were no doubt familiar by hearsay with some of the secret activities of the Ogpu; and it may very well be that when Thornton said he was frightened, but did not know why, these tales of terrorism were lurking at the back of his mind.

In the Ogpu the Soviets have created a monster which they do not know how to destroy. The Ogpu, they assure me, is still necessary to their existence as an instrument for dealing with counter-revolutionary activities, for crushing especially the so-called "concealed war" carried on in the form of sabotage. The evidence at the trial, as well as information I received from other sources while I was in Moscow, cured me of my scepticism about the reality of "wrecking" practices in Russia. The two Russian engineers, Lobanov and Sukhoruchkin, both self-confessed anti-Sovietists, described to the Court their destructive work at certain power stations with a cynical particularity that was certainly not due to any Ogpu promptings. But the Ogpu searching out the "concealed war" is like a dog running after its own tail.

Sabotage will not cease, nor will any other form of the concealed war cease, until the secret police system is transformed into a properly constituted and properly controlled civil authority, functioning in the open. Half the bitterness caused in England by the Moscow arrests was due originally to a popular conviction of the sheer malignity of the Ogpu organisation. If the Soviet Government were to abolish the Ogpu in its present form it would do more than any other decision it might take to establish its security at home and command confidence abroad. Such advice, I am sure, will cause the great figures in the Kremlin to shake with incredulous laughter. Yet it is not bad advice.

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**The Black Mountain.** By ALAN HILLGARTH. *Nicholson and Watson.* 7s. 6d.
**The Changeling.** By HASSAN ALI. *Joseph.* 7s. 6d.

After Mr. Lindsay, one is justified in suspecting that the illustrators of the "beautiful home" magazines are having a sinister effect upon historical fiction. For although the illustrators are permitted greater licence in the matter of breast and thigh and, provided they make it look clean and shiny, may indicate filth in the rushes, lust in the eyes of courtesans, paunch as well as muscle in the court, there is a tacit understanding that all the cast has been fed on the recipes advertised, and that they are, in fact, a hundred per cent. sales conscious. It is all carefully staged, and whatever rough house an unsqueamish author like Mr. Lindsay may describe, and however nicely he manages both reek and glamour, the antiseptic gloss of the home beautiful is upon it. Perhaps in dealing with his background this does not matter much, but the influence on the characters is odd. Henry VIII in Mr. Lindsay's hands becomes the perfect customer of Mr. Drage. The King's domestic experiments are ingeniously interpreted as suburban longings for a nice cosy wife, a fireside and chicks and —almost one had said—for silence and Three Nuns. He seems also to have derived a new spiritual outfit from Dr. Marie Stopes. Was he, he wonders, going to have a chick this time?

> So often had he been cheated, but now that he had found the right woman perhaps the miracle had taken place? Perhaps the perfection of their love flowed to so true a rhythm that the trinity was inevitable? There is profound mystery in gestation and in conceiving; it is no mere physical thing; the minds must be fluid, must be one, before fruition takes place.

This leads Majesty to husky whispers and the regulation number of dots:

> It's only a chill? It isn't, isn't . . . what we hope?

It wasn't. Of course Mr. Lindsay may be right and the King may have talked like this. But what a pity Mr. Lindsay is blind to his opportunity. In his favour: he is a brisk, efficient writer of dramatic narrative and he keeps his numerous intrigues peeping and muttering well.

Atmosphere, as with Mr. Lindsay, is the preoccupation of Miss Phyllis Paul. She has chosen the method of suggestion by odds and ends, and they are on the whole a good, unoppressively picturesque collection. *We Are Spoiled* has an agreeable flitting, nervous intensity; it has wit and bite, without being too feline. One reads with pleasure distracted, but not dismayed, by faults. These are inherent in the method. Miss Paul is not monotonous, but she is a shade *too* nervy and adroit; the result is that people who are sketched in, who ejaculate from the soul, who are caught fragmentarily in this light and the other, commit the sin of not continuing to exist when they are out of the reader's sight. There is no perspective or background into which they can retire. As characters they are diverting. A mild, sly, disingenuous revivalist and widower leaves his family of one son and three daughters to bring themselves up. They frankly ridicule his frauds with all the precocious sarcasm of unwilling puritans. To a neighbouring house, a little tediously full of nooks and crannies, comes Jael the elfin, and supposedly scandalous ward of an elderly roué, who has had her educated in the best circles of the Parisian demi-monde, calls her his pretty bitch and insists (as a last fling of experimental sadism) on her retaining her virginity. This,

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owing to her education, she has not the slightest desire to lose. Of course, we have heard all this before, but it is done with some originality. The story widens and disintegrates.

Christian, the revivalist's son, marries an upright wife and regrets it when Jael returns to the scene. Jael is abhorred by the wife, because of her imagined immorality, and envied by one of the sisters for the same reason. The envy leads to madness, and here Miss Paul has some good scenes. The wretched puritans are convinced that Jael is either wicked or mad, and, of course, the nice thing is that Jael alone is sane—at least as sane as Miss Paul will permit any of her characters to be. But this point is lost in the general glitter of disintegration, and we are left with a Jael who is an assemblage of characteristics rather than a character, and a Christian who spills an ugly pot of red paint over the last pages by committing suicide. Still, Miss Paul is an interesting novelist.

*Gay Go Up* has the more tiresome verbosity of noveese: "It was, oddly enough, her own name. For her father had been placidly neutral when the expected boy had presented himself to the midwife as the unexpected but indubitable girl." I like "indubitable." This is not only damnable writing, but as an extract from a young woman's reflections on the death of a pleasingly fraudulent father is palpably false, a clumsy device for obliging a character to do the novelist's work. The object of the story is to show daughter following in father's footsteps as a financial playboy and recovering the lost millions. But most of the book is taken up with introducing people to one another, and the story is side-tracked in an interminable buzz of smart, slangy talk about life, love, the intellect and the race. The endless slang betrays: this is the author nervous of his subject trying to raise the wind. I do not say that *Gay Go Up* is not clever and amusing in parts, but there is a fundamental dullness in a novelist who can refer, for example, to a "department store not without fame for its ability to meet every known need of the average patron." We have heard of department stores.

Unimportant detail also crowds out one's interest in Miss Muir's portrait of a virtuous Scotch woman, who is so virtuous that her nature dries up and her goodness brings disaster upon everyone around her. If we could see it detached for a moment, the portrait would be a good one.

*The Black Mountain* turns out to be the most original, effective and absorbing novel on this list. A sense of style more subtle and more variably musical would have saved Mr. Hillgarth from the monotonous drum beat of his short sentences; and there is an elasticity in a writer who, deficient in intuition, relies alone on the keen notes of observation and study. Putting this aside, his account of how an ignorant, mindless, Indio boy develops through a change of environment into a civilised being, becoming, in fact, the political leader of the oppressed classes in Bolivia, his country, is done with knowledge and insight. The opening chapters are the best. Here is a realistic and drily indulgent picture of an Indio family enslaved by debt to its patron and muddled in parentage. Patricio, a son by an unknown father, is eleven years old and is entirely superstitious, savage, fatalistic and blank-minded. The transformation begins when he is sent with a message to his uncle, who has disappeared to a ruined Jesuit monastery in a malarial gorge. How Patricio manages his terror of the haunted place by a blend of superstition, calculation and fatalism is effectively shown. And so are the discovery of Don Miguel, his uncle, and the laconic conversation that took place with him; and the sudden death of Don Miguel who is bitten by a snake. Patricio, now half terrified and as suddenly indifferent, is rescued by a witch doctor who is poking about the river bank, and from his friendship with the witch doctor dates Patricio's slow awakening. South America lends itself to melodrama and farce, to the portentous and the lush exotic, but Mr. Hillgarth is not tempted. He can stamp a scene upon the mind, and while he is not uniformly successful with all his characters, and even seems in his account of Patricio's political career to be trying to force an argument for Liberalism, his study of the boy, from childhood to the time when he revisits the early scenes and experiences a horror of the filth from which he has sprung, is penetrating. The danger to this kind of study is that of standing outside a foreign character and patting him on the back as he goes along. Mr. Hillgarth has not entirely bridged the gap, but he has come very near, and *The Black Mountain* is a commendably serious novel and has plenty of excitement in it.

Mr. Hassan Ali has failed in a not dissimilar theme. He is describing the experiences of a serious young Indian student, first in his family in India and later during his stay in Europe, where he proposes to tell us "how it strikes an Indian." It is entertaining to hear a good bourgeois Indian father warning his son against the perils of Hyde Park, and as long as Mr. Hassan Ali is dealing with his Indian family he has points. Alas, one knows the worst banalities are to come from an author who informs us that his hero's "fine athletic figure, his wealth of dark curly hair, his clear hazel eyes and gentle hesitant manner betoken the poetic temperament." It is inevitable, I suppose, that an Indian's English novel should read like a disconcertingly luscious cautionary story from a first English Primer. Mr. Hassan Ali has got into very shallow water.

V. S. PRITCHETT

## SANTAYANA AND FREUD

**Some Turns of Thought in Modern Philosophy.** By GEORGE SANTAYANA. *Cambridge University Press.* 5s.

All five of the essays in this book are rich in quality and intensity of thought. Three of them—that on Locke, that on Bradley and British idealism, and that on M. Julien Benda—will make their chief appeal to those well-read in philosophy; but the remaining two are of equal interest to the general reader. It is on these that I shall comment.

We are accustomed, to-day, to hearing that science has lost its authority, that it can no longer claim to reveal truth; but for the most part the statement has come from men whose own brand of truth was condemned by science, in the days of its pride. It is more impressive to have the diminished state of science described by a philosopher who calls himself a "most recalcitrant materialist" and who describes idealism as "pure literary sport, like lyric poetry." Mr. Santayana begins his essay "Revolutions in Science" on a sarcastic note:

> We are bombarded with inventions; but if we ask the inventors what they have learned of the depths of nature, which somehow they have probed with such astonishing success, their faces remain blank. They may be chewing gum; or they may tell us that if an aeroplane could only fly fast enough it would get home before it starts; or they may urge us to come with them into a dark room, to hold hands, to commune with the dear departed.

Inquiring how the men of science have come by these blank faces, or these renascent superstitutions, Mr. Santayana points out that the difference between an outmoded theory and its successor is not a difference in relative truth, but in relative persuasiveness. There follows a sympathetic and magically lucid account of Relativity, which leads to the conclusion that recent developments in scientific thought are justified, and should be welcomed—

> yet only under one important moral condition, and with a paradoxical result. The moral condition is that the pride of science should turn into humility, that it should no longer imagine it is laying bare the intrinsic nature of things. And the paradoxical result is this: that the forms of science are optional, like various languages or methods of notation. One may be more convenient or subtle than another, according to the place, senses, interests, and scope of the explorer; a reform in science may render the old theories antiquated, like the habit of wearing togas, or of going naked; but it cannot render them false, or itself true. Science, when it is more than the gossip of adventure or of experiment, yields practical assurances couched in symbolic terms, but no ultimate insight: so that the intellectual vacancy of the expert, which I was deriding, is a sort of warrant of his solidity. It is rather when the expert prophesies, when he propounds a new philosophy founded on his latest experiments, that we may justly smile at his system, and wait for the next.

"One may be more convenient or subtle than another." When it is admitted that the theories of science are elaborate metaphors rather than blue-prints of reality, that the "true" theories are more useful practically, or more suggestive artistically, rather than more close to the intrinsic qualities of things, the philosopher can then use science as an ally in his endless effort to describe life in the terms most satisfying to the imagination of his age. In the essay called "A Long Way Round to Nirvana," Mr. Santayana shows how fruitful such alliance may be. In *Beyond the Pleasure Principle*, Dr. Sigmund Freud posited a principle prior to *libido*, a principle of Inertia, or the tendency toward peace and death, and then made some suggestions as to the meaning of life and of pain. Mr. Santayana has taken these suggestions and woven them into one of the most revealing myths about the heart of man that has been made since Plato. It is put forward for exactly what it is, a Platonic myth, and the method is defended in an eloquent sentence:

> Just as the sportsman's eye, which yields but a summary graphic image, can trace the flight of a bird through the air quite well enough to shoot it and bring it down, so the myths of a wise philosopher

# "IRELAND THE TAIL-WAGGER"

THIS title is taken from a chapter in Dr. Marie Stopes' new book, *Roman Catholic Methods of Birth Control*, published by Messrs. Peter Davies, which was reviewed in last week's NEW STATESMAN. (Dr. Stopes thinks, incidentally, that the reviewer wrote like a very little man discussing a very big subject.) Messrs. Peter Davies are an enterprising firm of publishers and have managed to get across several books which "authorities" of various sorts have not been particularly inclined to welcome. This time, however, it appears they are up against something stronger than they have hitherto encountered, an opposition to this particular book and the author of it, subtler and more intangible than cobwebs, but apparently stronger than the pen which is stronger than the sword.

"Ireland the Tail-wagger": What possible connection can that have with a publication in England by a British firm of a British book by a British author? "There are some things which are ludicrous although not incredible," said Mr. Justice Avory with laughter during the hearing of the case Gwynne, of the *Morning Post v.* Stopes. Mr. Justice Avory laughed and summed up as "a rigmarole" the facts in her defence which Dr. Marie Stopes was then trying to get across to the Jury. She did not get them across. When a Judge laughs a Jury does not listen.

But in spite of British Judge and Jury the Act of Parliament which Dr. Marie Stopes then predicted *did* get passed in Ireland and is now known as the Irish Censorship Act. And what are some of its results? Here we have a British firm of publishers which prides itself on being of the highest possible standing and regularly taking large advertisements in the leading papers. They get advance press notices and generally imposing reviews on the day of publication for their more important works. They come to publish a book about facts of vital importance, chiefly of political and religious bearing which the nation should realise, and they find even advertisement managers slam doors in their faces!

The bewildered reader may ask what on earth has this to do with the Irish Censorship. Let Irish people read what they like inside their own country; what is it to do with us? Do you realise that in a great many of the papers and journals you read, you read only what is passed through the sieve of the approval of the Irish Priesthood? For why? Because if anything in an English journal offends the Irish Censorship Act, which was devised by the Irish Priesthood (and for this you will find the facts in full detail with all the quotations and documents in Dr. Marie Stopes' latest book) that paper or journal is not allowed entry into Ireland. If by chance it gets in, some Irish bookseller or newsagent is punished or there is a public burning of the journal; in one way or another journal proprietors are made to feel that if they want to keep their Irish circulation they have to toe the line and publish the English newspaper in accordance with Irish demands.

About most subjects, now that the first frenzy of the working of the Act has passed, it has got lax and proprietors do very much as they like; but about birth control, that is to say, everything appertaining to population reduction and quality, the Irish Priests use their weapon and the Irish Censorship Act has been kept alive.

[*Advertisement.*]

Read the private letter sent in confidence to the newspaper proprietors. It is published verbatim in Dr. Stopes' book. (How does the woman get hold of these things? She seems to have the enemies' most precious documents in her possession!)

A newspaper proprietor, approached on this subject by the writer of this article, and tackled with the question how he enjoyed his humiliating position of having to keep out of his paper all mention, whether by way of review or of advertisement, of a book with which he had warm personal sympathy, pathetically answered: "But it isn't the question of sympathy; it is cash. We run our newspapers for profit and to lose our Irish circulation is a serious matter." There they are on toast! English proprietors are toeing the line consciously or unconsciously and keeping out of their review columns reviews of books that interest them; keeping out of their advertisement columns advertisements which would be acceptable and thus paid for in the ordinary way but for Ireland.

Well, it makes one think. Has John Bull, while he was comfortably snoring in his rectitude, lost one of his most precious possessions, the freedom of the press? This book ought to create a furore in England, but how can it if English readers do not hear of it, and how can they if it isn't reviewed in the way in which a book of its status would ordinarily be reviewed? Booksellers, moreover, on every hand are intimidated by the local Catholic Priests or customers who, seeing the few preliminary announcements of the book which have been allowed to appear, let him know that if he exposes it on his counter important custom will be withdrawn.

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about the origin of life or of dreams, though expressed symbolically, may reveal the pertinent movement of nature to us, and may kindle in us just sentiments and true expectations in respect to our fate—for his own soul is the bird this sportsman is shooting.

Dr. Freud is one of the last thinkers in Europe who might have been expected to stimulate Mr. Santayana; yet he has stimulated him to a creation of poetry. HERBERT AGAR

## INTERVIEWING ARTISTS

**Artists at Work.** By STANLEY CASSON. *Harrap.* 5s.

Mr. Casson embarked on these broadcast dialogues with four artists on the principle that if one wants to know anything about art the proper thing to do is to ask the artist. After all, he said to himself, artists are reasonably intelligent beings, interested in their job, and at least as likely as anyone else to know what one wants to know about it. The only fly in the ointment is that they are already expressing themselves in their own medium and, if they are good artists, better than they will in any other. He determined to make the best of this bad job and show the Philistine in language he could understand that his attitude to art, and particularly to modern art, is untenable. For the sake of variety he chose a sculptor, a painter, an etcher and a portrait-painter. The problem was how to make the discussions interesting when they were technical, and intelligible when they were theoretic. He had to keep on saying, "We're getting terribly highbrow, you know, Dobson," and "Look here, we are getting on to aesthetics and Art with a capital A, Rutherston." It might have been better, though less entertaining, if he had confined the discussions to technical matters. It is not much good going to artists for aesthetic theories that will have more than a personal application. They usually come back in the end to Mr. Dobson's "You asked me my view, and I gave it to you. I don't care twopence about all the alternative views." After all, that is the only sensible attitude for a man concerned with a working principle. If it were not so there would only be room in the world for one artist, or, at the most, for a syndicate of them working under a general manager. Then as to purely technical matters, a technique is an equally personal thing made useful only after years of practice and experiment, differing profoundly from any other technique. With a medium like etching, which is partly mechanical, there are definite rules to be followed, but, with due respect to Mr. Rushbury's explanations, they are boring to talk about and can be found in a text-book, anyway. A man doesn't become less a Philistine for knowing the difference between an etching and a drypoint.

But Mr. Casson has not forgotten these things, and he has more than once succeeded in persuading his artists to talk interestingly, and sometimes to throw a dim light on the place in the world of artists in general. It is thrilling to hear Mr. Dobson laying down the law about the place of sculpture in modern building, and to notice the curious adjustment of diffidence and swagger that is part of Mr. Edward Halliday's technique as a successful portrait-painter. And there is one important general principle that emerges from all four discussions: the principle that the good artist is a man of one idea and a hard worker, not merely a picturesque figure with a pink shirt and a beard who lounges all day in a pub waiting for inspiration. "It is only by the *act* of working that what you call inspiration may be caught," says Mr. Rutherston. "Sitting in a chair waiting for it produces no result at all. Idleness is an infection that spreads and increases." Apart from this there are few points of theory or practice that these artists would agree upon. To look at the reproductions of their work, which make excellent illustrations to the book, is enough to decide that. And while this is just as it should be it is not much help to the Philistine either. Perhaps the book would have been more useful as a collection of aphorisms: "Every artist likes an objective" (Rutherston); "Architectural sculpture must be relief sculpture" (Dobson), and so on. As it is, there are so many pleasantries to wade through. But in any case it was worth doing and it would be worth following up with another half-dozen volumes concerning all the other good English artists, if only for the sake of spotting what Mr. Casson aptly calls the "Higher Humbug." To him, "whatever an artist says on art has more potential value, if he be a good artist, than anything said by anyone else." He ought to have said "whatever a good artist says *about his own work*. . . ." That is why we need the other half-dozen volumes. And then we should still need somebody to spot the good artists. JOHN PIPER

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The title of the Massacre of Glencoe to be included among the great occasions of history is a matter of accident rather than substance. The affair was horrifying even to the seventeenth-century conscience, but if it had been carried out with the thoroughness its authors designed it would probably never have been heard of, for dead men tell no tales. In origin and essence merely an episode in an embittered struggle between two great clans, it had no lasting political consequences, for no racial or national antagonisms were involved. Atrocious it was, but the annals of Highland clan warfare can show many deeds even more atrocious.

There was one important difference, however. In former times inter-tribal atrocities were regarded by the royal authority as a domestic matter of the Highlanders which it was well, on the whole, to leave well alone. Cases of Government intervention, like the proscription of the MacGregors, were rare. The general view was that the more the Highlanders slaughtered one another, the less the rest of Scotland would have to spend on gallows and hemp. But in the case of Glencoe the King's Government was implicated in a clan feud, not as avenger, but in the humiliating role of the aggressor's cat's-paw. The real aggressor purported only to act as the instrument of royal justice, and then did his part so inefficiently that the whole dirty business was exposed to the world to the shame and confusion of his dupes. Even Burnet, who, as the professed apologist of William III, never had any hesitation about lying and equivocating as far as a bishop may, was hard put to it to find an excuse for his master, and could only put forward one so feeble that it was hardly necessary for posterity to go to the trouble of proving it false. That William was able to live down the scandal is striking evidence of the fundamental security of the Revolution Settlement.

Tradition makes the villain of the piece the Master of Stair, William's Secretary for Scotland, and, of course, he was officially responsible. William himself was hardly less culpable. As Mr. Buchan shows, in his clear and vivid account of the affair, he was

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fully informed by Dalrymple of what was afoot, and had perused the file with particular care before signing the fatal order. He was evidently satisfied that it was a necessary "police" measure. Similar measures are sanctioned to-day with the best intentions; but, thanks to the march of civilisation and invention, the thing can now be done from the air very quickly, which avoids the unpleasantness of the executioners having to win the confidence of the victims by professions of friendship and innocence. An undoubted advance.

It is hardly worth while, however, to attempt to apportion the responsibility for Glencoe as between the Master of Stair and the King. The story shows many obscure patches, but one fact emerges clearly enough. These two most upright and sagacious men were tricked into an act of criminal lunacy by the properest son of Belial that ever Scotland neglected to hang, which is saying a great deal. This was John Campbell, first Earl of Breadalbane. Why so notorious a double-crosser and unblushing thief should have been employed by William and Dalrymple as their chief agent for inducing the clans to accept the Revolution Settlement we may conjecture, but can never understand. It seems he had a plausible tongue and a winning smile. Originally his function was to bribe the chiefs into submission, and the chiefs were not on principle unwilling. Their difficulty was that they knew their John Campbell and that he had sticky fingers. They reckoned rightly that for every penny of William's money that might reach them at least one other penny would stay in John Campbell's pocket. And so the bribery scheme failed, and Campbell began to hint that if fair words would not serve foul deeds might. The difficulty was that punitive measures against the more powerful chiefs would be hazardous, and failure would be disastrous. But when MacIan, chieftain of the Glencoe MacDonalds, failed to take the oath of allegiance within the prescribed time, Campbell rubbed his hands with glee. MacIan's people were a small, poor detached sept of Clan Donald, and they were his neighbours —very bad neighbours. It would suit him very well if Dalrymple could be persuaded to make an example of the MacDonalds of Glencoe. Dalrymple was easily enough persuaded. He was not a cruel man—on the contrary—but he was a great stickler for law and order, and, being a thoroughbred Lowlander, he held to the pious old Lowland belief that the fairest fruit to be seen on any tree was a Highland man hanging from it by the neck. Glencoe was "a thieving nest" and "extirpation" was mere justice.

The official authority was in general terms. The details of the execution were left to the Campbells—a fact that argues a certain lack of imagination on the part of Dalrymple. Actually less than forty people were slain. The greater part of the inhabitants of the glen managed to escape. It was not the quantity but the quality of the slaughter that made the horror. Even Glenlyon, the out-at-elbow Campbell underling who carried it out, was pursued by the furies to his grave.

Mr. Buchan tells the story with his usual skill. It is his great merit as a man of letters that he always knows exactly what he wants to do and never wants to do more than he can—or hardly ever. In the present case he has adopted a "reconstructive" form, giving quite frankly his own reading of the evidence and leaving the historical niceties aside. He confesses to having "now and then stated boldly as a fact what should strictly be qualified by a 'probably.'" Nobody in the result will grudge him that modest licence.

DONALD CARSWELL

## THE DIVINE SARAH

**Sarah Bernhardt.** By G. G. GELLER. *Duckworth.* 12s. 6d.

This biography of Sarah Bernhardt belongs to an irritating class that seems to be popular at the moment. To a great extent M. Geller has adopted the methods of the historical novelist, pretending to a knowledge of his subject which is unjustified by anything but his creative imagination. This method is interesting enough, but cannot be authoritative. The style, too, is illusive, something, of course, may have been lost in the translation, but it may still be doubted if readers not already acquainted with the facts will gather from M. Geller's story of Sarah's immediate ancestry any clear idea, other than one generally scandalous, of the domestic surroundings in which, apart from her convent education, she was brought up, and introduced in Parisian "society." That she had powerful interests nearly always at her back, and friendships with distinguished persons from her girlhood onwards, enabled her to live down incident after incident that would have ruined a young actress, of strange appearance, small initial talent, and tempestuous temper, who had not the same backing. It is this early story of her life that is by far the most interesting part of the book, and it is a pity that clarity of statement has been sacrificed to impressionist allusion. In the later chapters, after the great actress had surmounted her temperamental and physical disadvantages, had indeed turned them into advantages, the story is easy to follow, but it reveals little that is not already known.

## SHORTER NOTICES

**Courts and Judges.** By R. C. K. ENSOR. *Oxford University Press.* 6s.

This book was greatly needed, and, difficult though his task was, Mr. Ensor has fulfilled it in a wholly admirable way. By setting out carefully the organisation and methods of the Courts in England, France and Germany, he has enabled the layman to see, for the first time, what our judicial system looks like when it is placed alongside the two chief systems of the continent.

The result is likely to be a little startling to the average Englishman who feels any complacency about our situation. Independence and incorruptibility the English system has; but it does not possess these in any superior degree to its rivals. Our methods of appointment and promotion do not emerge as satisfactory; and so far as the unpaid magistracy is concerned it is difficult not to feel that Mr. Ensor's strictures are largely unanswerable. So, too, are his insistences that our judges are ill-equipped for passing sentence in criminal cases, that our system is over-centralised, and that the absence of a Ministry of Justice prevents a constant attention to the grave problems of legal administration. His remarks on costs are admirable and to the point; though they are likely to arouse more interest among laymen than among lawyers. So, too, will his comments on the elaborate hierarchy of appeals in this country—a device without parallel on the continent.

If Mr. Ensor's book be widely read—it is urgent that it should be—it may well do something to promote that thorough inquiry into legal foundations which has been long overdue in this country. The times demand a Bentham; and the sooner he appears to sweep away the lawyers' inattentiveness to the plain lesson of the times, the more likelihood there is of reform being effected before it is too late.

**The Green Round.** By ARTHUR MACHEN. *Benn.* 3s. 6d.

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the pretty creatures of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, but the sinister beings of Celtic folk-lore, the thought of whom is a haunting terror. The hero-victim of the adventures, starting with an attack of vertigo and a visit on the recommendation of a specialist to a Welsh watering-place, and ending with a hasty flight from England to the Near East, is one Lawrence Hillyer, an elderly recluse, living alone in lodgings in the Gray's Inn Road district, whose main interest is a psychological investigation into the more recondite aspects of folklore. Haunted first by a villainous companion of whose presence he is made aware through the consternation of other people; then by a series of poltergeist happenings; and finally, which confirms the unfortunate man that he is going mad, by a repellent child who follows him about, and is seen by him personally but not by others. The nerve specialist to whom he relates what he believes to be his hallucinations is sufficiently interested to make inquiries, only to discover that most of them are not hallucinations, are on the contrary vouched for by respectable witnesses. To the amazement of the specialist Mr. Hillyer is even more alarmed by the reality of his impression than he was by the presumed hallucinations. Mr. Machen's hand has not lost its cunning; never has his circumstantial and quiet relation of the horrific been more irresistible; never has his perfect prose been used with more delicate precision.

**Origins of Sacrifice: A Study in Comparative Religion.** By E. O. JAMES. *Murray*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Was the first sacrifice a bribe offered by primeval man to the malignancy of circumstance suddenly conceived as an evil spirit? Or was it a magical ritual compelling whatever gods might be to do the right thing? Or was it, more magical still, a rite whereby blood—recognised as the source of life—was shed to renew the failing power of nature, whether thought of as *mana* or personified as a dying god? The learned President of the Folk Lore Society, while admitting the futility of a search for ultimate origins, decides for the latter alternatives, particularly the last, and even goes so far as to describe to Palaeolithic man the subtlety of thought implied in sacrifice, by the shedding of blood, for the purpose of renewing life and strength. Mr. James, however, is not so much concerned with origins as with the co-ordination of sacrifice as we conjecture it in archaeology or discover it in the history of folklore and religion. In a comprehensive survey of sacrificial ritual he passes on to the elaboration and sublimation of the sacrificial idea by Hebrew prophets and Christian theologians. Mr. James contends that "the institution of sacrifice is essentially part of a culture pattern, and in consequence when the institution ceases to operate the associated religious order tends to disintegrate," and he is probably right.

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# Playtime

## CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

### PROBLEM 29.—THE ENIGMA CLUB

A little coterie known as the Enigma Club went for an eleven days' cruise. Each night all the members of the club took part in a conundrum-guessing contest. At each of these contests each member of the Club set two conundrums, and one point was scored, in respect of each conundrum set, by the member who guessed the answer first.

At the end of each evening the points scored that evening added up and the difference was calculated between each member's score and that of every other member. Every member who, on balance, had won points took money out of a pool.

In these contests Doughty was the most successful competitor. Only on two evenings did anyone else do better, and Doughty, even on those occasions, contrived to be a winner on balance. On the other hand, Doughty's wife and sister were both invariably losers.

Smart and his wife had a curious experience. Every evening both finished up "all square." Yet the distribution of points was different every night, and, indeed, every possible distribution was experienced consistent with the facts already given.

*How many points altogether did Doughty score?*

### PROBLEM 27.—FAMILY BRIDGE

The players were seated as follows, the arrangement of the tables being in line from West to East:

| | Table 1. | Table 2. | Table 3. |
|---|---|---|---|
| N. | Thomas. | Green. | Robinson. |
| E. | Mrs. Robinson. | Mrs. Smith. | Mrs. Brown. |
| S. | Mrs. Jones. | Mrs. Thomas. | Mrs. Green. |
| W. | Smith. | Brown. | Jones. |

*Some comments:*

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I should add, in view of these well-deserved encomia, that this problem is Mr. S. T. Shovelton's.

### PROBLEM 26.—THE SEVEN CUCKOOS

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: F. Bush, "Mellstock," East Horsley, Leatherhead, Surrey.

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*Seven* points are awarded for this problem.

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Does tapioca? And, you know, she "walked in beauty," long ago.

LIGHTS

1. My street was home of famous sleuth.
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3. My hay's the theme of Huxley's book.
4. This gentleman is "off his hook."

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CALIBAN

## COMPANY MEETING

# NATIONAL BANK OF NEW ZEALAND.

### PROBLEMS OF EXCHANGE AND UNEMPLOYMENT.

### A BETTER TONE GENERALLY.

The sixty-first ordinary general meeting of the National Bank of New Zealand, Ltd., was held on Tuesday, July 11, at 17, Moorgate, E.C., Sir Austin E. Harris, K.B.E. (chairman of the company), presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that he thought the bank might claim to have emerged from a year of continued depression, ruinous prices, and of involved politics with unimpaired strength and liquidity.

The gross profit, after making full provision for bad and doubtful debts, was £544,400, as compared with £600,300 at March 31, 1932, but in last year's gross profit was included what he then described as an extraneous profit of £42,000 on account of gold shipments. Therefore the gross profit, in the exceedingly difficult year under review, showed an ordinary trading decrease of £13,000 only.

For the financial year to March 31, 1933, the overseas trade of the Dominion was: Exports (New Zealand currency), £38,810,000; imports (sterling), £22,760,000; apparent excess of exports, £16,050,000, which, if reduced to sterling, became £11,806,000.

Dairy produce had accounted for 42 per cent. of the total exports of the country, and, despite a heavy fall in prices, showed an increase in both quantity and value. Butter had dropped as low as 66s. a cwt. in the London market, but had since recovered to 79s., and he was glad to say that the outlook was promising.

The value of wool exported was slightly less than last year, and there again the price had fallen. The average price per lb. last year had been 5.27d., while this year it was 5.16d.—very much below the cost of production, which was estimated at 9½d.-10d. a lb. Fortunately it was estimated that only 50,000 bales had been carried over this year, as against 209,000 last year. Recent London prices showed an increase of about 20 per cent. as compared with this time a year ago.

Practically all classes of meat showed an increase in both quantity and value, and, although there again the price was lower than a year ago, the decrease was not so heavy as in the case of dairy produce.

The New Zealand Government Debt Conversion scheme, successfully launched in March last, had had as its object the securing of an all-round reduction in interest rates by 20 per cent. It was largely based on the Australian conversion plan, and had received the general approval of the banks, who had agreed to co-operate with the Government as far as possible in its execution. The Act was passed by Parliament in March, and operated as from April 1, 1933. It applied only to the £115,000,000 public debt domiciled in New Zealand, £63,000,000 of which was held by the banks and the public, and £52,000,000 by Government departments. The final result of the scheme was not yet known, but it was estimated that less than £500,000 remained unconverted. The net gain to the Budget in interest would be £570,000 a year.

Figures published recently showed that the revenue of the Dominion had exceeded expenditure by £40,000 for the year ending March, 1933, and that might be considered a very satisfactory result, having regard to the estimated Budget deficit of £1,000,000. The fact that it had only been realised after diverting £2,500,000 from reserves did not detract from this achievement. The greatest item of expenditure was, of course, the debt service, and the conversion loan would now reduce that by some £570,000. The Government, on the whole, might be congratulated on facing this year of unparalleled financial difficulty with resolution. It remained to be seen whether an additional severe reduction in expenditure, which could only be effected by the curtailment of social services, or the conversion of external loans—or both—would be necessary.

As to the banking position as a whole, for the March quarter this year the average figures of deposits and advances of all the banks operating in New Zealand were:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Deposits (exclusive of Government) ..... | £52,670,000 |
| Advances ..... | £48,500,000 |
| Giving an excess of deposits of ..... | £4,170,000 |
| Against last year's excess of ..... | £1,233,000 |
| So that banking resources had increased by | £2,937,000 |

New Zealand Government securities held by the banks averaged £9,668,000 for the March quarter, as against £6,598,000 a year ago.

Unemployment continued to be one of the most difficult problems with which the Government had to deal. The actual number of men receiving relief on June 10 was 67,000, of whom it was estimated that at least half were engaged on work of a definitely reproductive character in connection with the Dominion's primary industries.

He did not propose to do more than touch very briefly on world conditions. There was, in any case, a "better tone," and the accumulated snowball effect of such a sentiment—a little more money to be spent, some more stocks to be replenished—might, apart from any artificial stimulant, bring about that change for the better for which they were all hoping.

The report was unanimously adopted.

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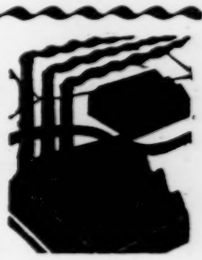
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